Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 231 FEBRUARY, 1931 NUMBER 2

Apéritif

Tale of Toil

THERE is one bright gleam of happiness in the unemployment situation.

In a large Middle Western city a destitute gentleman was advised to apply to the director of the zoo for a job. He did so, met with sympathy, but was told there were no regular positions to be had. However, there was *something* — if the gentleman were in really dire need. It seemed that a chimpanzee, favorite of the children who came to the zoo, had incontinently died shortly before, and the director knew the children would be inconsolable if they discovered it. He had the skin, it was a size comparable to that of the applicant — would he consider — ?

Yes, indeed, he would, for thirty dollars a week. Hardly more than a trice went by before he was draped in the deceased favorite's flea-ridden hide and gamboling about his iron cage, to the clamorous delight of the children. He entered into the spirit of the thing, crawled up and down the bars of the cage, picked fleas, snarled horribly and in general acted his part with the greatest possible gusto. He even ventured upon the trapeze and with hair-raising ferocity swung back and forth, back and forth. He swung harder and harder, farther and farther, higher and higher. Finally he swung right over the top of his cage, lost his grip and fell plump beside a lion.

One look was enough. "Help!" he bellowed, and "Help! *Help!* HELP!" In fact, he made a devilish uproar, increasing its volume every second. But menacing, inexorable, the lion stood over his prostrate form.

"Shut up, you fool!" it quoth. "D'you think you're the only unemployed around here?"

THREE phenomena grouped in our minds at present: a man named Walter Deckler, whose gift to his wife on their wedding anniversary always has been a good, sound beating; a woman of ninety-three in Pittsburgh, who started growing a third set of teeth; and a man named Henry Ford, who predicted that wages in 1950 would be four times what they are now. The reason for their being batched together, as we

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see it, is neither their human interest nor their inescapable logic — just their grim display of optimism.

IT SEEMS probable that every one will have forgotten the one-act farce presented by Judge Lindsey and Bishop Manning in the latter's church by the time these words come off the press. But we should like to go on record as having decided that neither of them is the man Oscar Wilde so lucidly described as "laughing at himself laughing at himself laughing at himself."

Ophiology, More or Less

ONE of our Special Suspectors, anxious to make his mark in the world, has brought in some extremely disillusioning information. It has to do with the romantic art of snake-charming, and his general conclusion from it is that snake-charming is neither romantic nor an art — just plain business, and a risky one at that.

He says the first question he asked himself was: "Where do you suppose snake-charmers get their snakes?" And his vivid imagination conjured up pictures of tropical jungles *à la* Tarzan of the Apes. But when he inquired, this foolishness was knocked quickly into a cocked hat, for it appears that there are regular dealers, just as in any other business. The best known of these esoteric merchants lives in Brownsville, Texas, and signs his correspondence, "Rattling yours, Snake King."

From such dealers pythons cost from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty dollars; rattlers "fixed safe to handle" from three to ten; and a "mixed den" from fifteen dollars up, which last, we regret to say, may be made the mainspring of an excruciatingly funny practical joke.

What was for us the most remarkable thing our Suspector discovered is the fact that snakes are delicate, finicky creatures. We should have thought charmers would go around in mortal fear for their own welfare, but instead, it seems, they are much more worried about the health of their snakes. The things must not be allowed to get cold, must be bathed and rubbed down with olive oil every so often, and, worst of all, are forever going on hunger strikes and refusing stubbornly to eat the most tempting meals. In these cases they have to be fed by force, have meat rammed down their throats with a stick or egg fillips shot in with a syringe. They are all neurotics, you see; and furthermore, hopelessly near-sighted, which is why, if you are seeking for a reason, they bite before glancing to see if you mean harm — looking would do no good anyhow.

Training them is no great trick, if you have patience, a sweet disposition and agile footwork. Our Special Suspector was fortunate enough to witness a morning work-out involving a lady charmer and a large Southern rattler. The lady entered a canvas pit which contained the rattler, holding before her a large pair of deer antlers.

As she approached the snake, it coiled quickly, lifting its head and rattling ominously. Suddenly its head darted forward. At the same moment, so quickly that the eye could hardly follow, the charmer moved the antlers — and the snake,

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rattling more ominously than ever, was back in position, a small bruise on its side. The bite had been received on the horns, of course, and at the instant of the bite the charmer had jabbed the snake.

This action was repeated again and again, until finally the charmer retired, assuring our Suspector that the snake would be thoroughly subdued within a few days. "Every time he bites," she explained, "he is bitten back. He'll soon get to know that."

"No romance there," concluded our Suspector. "Just applied psychology." He got his promotion.

Help Wanted

AND, by the way, Snake King's manner of signing his letters, "Rattling yours," brings up a difficulty under which we have suffered for many years: *i.e.*, how to close letters. Not business ones, which are standardized, but letters to friends and acquaintances of varying intimacy. "Cordially yours" sounds a trifle foolish; "Your friend" or "Affectionately yours" sloppy, and almost every other expedient brought to our attention has some similar objection.

For instance, the uncompromising "Yrs." with which we have ruffled Emily Post for so many years is too bluff and terse; we have tired of it. We should like something new and interesting, something, perhaps, along the lines of Albert Mardochee Raphael's solution of the problem. He is a wealthy French eccentric, who amuses himself in trolleys by scratching vigorously and inquiring of those about him: "You don't happen to know something that will cure the itch, do you?" and his solution is: "In the most respectful hope that you are not annoyed by importunate parasites, I remain your obedient servant."

A CERTAIN fact lies festering in our heads for which we have failed dismally to find any dire significance. It must mean something, something pretty startling, but just what is beyond even our Special Suspectors. The fact is that Bernarr Macfadden sent out 22,000 Christmas cards.

Affair of State

EMMA had a story to tell.

"Remember that transatlantic flight of Jean Assolant's, the one with the stowaway, Arthur Schreiber? Remember how annoyed the French authorities were when they found him? Well, Frank Polk tells me that the American diplomats in Paris were pretty upset about it, too: sent a frantic cable home for instructions. It ended up on the desk of somebody in the State Department who had a sense of proportion, or humor anyway, and he wrote a message back suggesting that the Paris embassy laugh it off. This had to be sent to the cipher room for coding, and half an hour later it was brought back to him.

"'Sir,' said a solemn office boy, 'there isn't any word in the code for "laugh"!'

"I suppose," commented Emma, "it just had to be taken seriously."

W. A. D.

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Detour U. S. 72

Reads the political signpost. The exact route is undetermined, but it will be off the accustomed road of bi-partisan politics

By Paul D. Hasbrouck

THREE possibilities will confront the Seventy-second Congress when it meets in December 1931, or earlier in special session. One of the parties may organize Congress and attempt to control by virtue of its scant majority or plurality, as the case may be. Leadership, on the other hand, may pass to Members who hold the balance of power, to party "insurgents" and the third party man in each house. These would depend for support upon changing majorities without regard to party lines — majorities made up by free union, according to the Norris ideal, of such Members as favor each individual measure. The third proposition is that Republican and Democratic leaders tentatively coöperate, perhaps even dividing positions and privileges.

Any attempt to hold Congress in leash by so slim a thread as the majority which may be afforded either party would be highly precarious. Membership changes which might unsettle any temporary balance of power are more than a possibility; they are the "regular order" in Congress. Twenty-three vacancies occurred in the House alone during the seven months session of 1929–1930. The conventional course of party government therefore is open to new complications. The hopes of any party attempting it would remain in a state of suspended animation until Congress organized, and tenure thereafter would be in doubt through by-elections and contests.

THIS question of control involves not only a change in the personnel of those who would hold dominant positions, but a marked contrast too in the sections which these leaders represent. Under the Republicans, Nicholas Longworth of Ohio is Speaker and John Q. Tilson of Connecticut is majority Floor Leader. In a regular Republican organization of the new House these men normally would be reëlected. If the Democrats rule, John N. Garner of Texas would be Speaker, and the Floor Leader, according to Democratic practice, would be the ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, Representative Collier of Mississippi.

A like difference in section would

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result when the parties assigned chairmanships of committees according to the principle of seniority based upon continuous service.

IN THE following forecast it has been assumed, if the same Member will be in line for more than one chairmanship, that he will become chairman of that committee which stands highest on the roll of House committees. If the Republicans control, chairmanships in the new House would be distributed by sections approximately as follows:

Middle Atlantic	12
Central	9
West Central	9
New England	6
Rocky Mountain	4
Pacific	4
Border	2
South	0
Undetermined (new member of committee)	1
	47

Under Democratic rule these chairmanships would be assigned, on the basis of seniority, as follows:

South	28
Border	5
Middle Atlantic	5
Central	3
New England	2
West Central	1
Rocky Mountain	1
Pacific	0
Undetermined	2

This disparity in favor of the South is further increased by the fact that Southerners would head all of the important "privileged" committees.

In the Senate there would be a somewhat different distribution of honors on the Republican side, but similar concentration of leadership in the hands of Southern Democrats. The natural effect of twelve years during which the Democrats in Congress have been a minority, but were returned regularly from Southern States, would give at least 16 of the 33 Senate chairmanships to the South. If Republicans, on the other hand, organize the Senate, the central and far West in conjunction with New England will dominate. The Middle Atlantic States, which held first place in the House, are in line for only one Senate chairmanship.

With parity of strength and divergence in the make-up of the two parties, the setting is present for a possible battle royal such as has not been staged within the experience of the oldest Representative. Determined contests over the control of Congress have not occurred since the Civil War, because on all but two occasions one party or the other has organized the House with an ample majority.

IN 1916, though President Wilson was reëlected, the Democratic margin in the House was completely wiped out. This Congress, however, meeting in April 1917 to declare war on Germany, promptly reëlected Champ Clark as Speaker; the Democratic caucus voted to leave all measures out of consideration except those which were recommended from the White House; and a staunch Republican, speaking for the vast majority of his colleagues, declared, "Whatever the President says he needs, that I shall vote to give him."

Party lines were again relatively close in 1923, when the Republicans had a nominal strength exceeding that of the Democrats by only

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eighteen votes. Taking advantage of this situation, "progressive" Republicans for a time refused to support the reëlection of Speaker Gillett, voting instead for Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin or for Mr. Madden. However, on the evening of the second day an agreement was reached with Mr. Longworth, then Floor Leader, opening a way for revision of the House rules. On the next morning enough of the truant Republicans returned to their party allegiance and the House was organized.

But during three decades before the Civil War, contests for control of the House were waged, whenever possible, resolutely and with increasing ire. In December, 1839, the House did not elect a Speaker until two weeks after the date of meeting, and did not receive the President's message until the day before Christmas. Again ten years later, the Speakership contest was prolonged for nineteen days and finally settled by plurality. The two most exhaustive struggles occurred in 1855, with the Kansas-Nebraska Act as the issue, and in 1859 under the threat of Civil War. These contests lasted from December 3 and December 5, respectively, to February 2 and February 1 of the following years. In each instance it became doubtful whether the Congress ever would organize. Finally, in 1856, Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts was chosen Speaker under a plurality resolution, on the one hundred and thirty-third ballot, while in 1860 a compromise candidate was chosen.

Whether or not there will be a determined struggle to gain the upper hand at the organization of the Seventy-second Congress depends, of course, upon the attitude of the parties. Indications now are that such a struggle may be averted by some sort of gentleman's agreement. Nevertheless certain elements of uncertainty — possibilities of death or resignation, particularly in the thirty days just before the convening of Congress — will continue to be present.

Under these circumstances the manipulation of a single potential vote before Congress organizes, the least suspicion of unfairness, would be tinder to rekindle the flames of party rancor. Good will in this preliminary stage depends not so much upon Members of Congress, as upon Governors of the States and the Clerk of the House.

The Governor of a State possesses more or less discretion regarding a vacancy which occurs in the State's representation in Congress. He may under State law fill a vacancy in the Senate, his appointee to serve usually until the next general election. Thus the Democratic Governors who were elected in 1930 probably would appoint Democrats, and this contingency applies not only to Senators elected in that year, but to all twelve Republican Senators from States in which the Governor is a Democrat. One Republican Senator in addition was elected from Minnesota, which at the same time chose a Farmer-Laborite as Governor. This makes a liability of loss in a total of thirteen Republicans, as against nine Democratic Senators and Senators-elect under Republican Governors.

While such a shift of control in the

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Senate would be legitimate, a Governor's discretion touching vacancies among Representatives elect is open to question. With respect to these he has no power of appointment, but is enjoined by the Constitution to issue Writs of Election to fill such vacancies. In some instances he is directed by State law to call special elections "as soon as practicable." It is possible of course that the Democratic Governor in such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, or Ohio, with large Republican representations in Congress, might by tardiness in providing for the filling of a vacancy change the party balance in the House. The public's sense of fairness, however, and the character of these Democratic Governors make such manipulation for party advantage improbable.

Some discretion in receiving the returns, on the other hand, rests with the Clerk of the preceding House. He is required by Federal statute to make out a roll of Members elect, and is instructed by the House rules to act as its moderator, deciding questions of order (subject to appeal) until the election of a Speaker. Neither Federal law nor the rules of the preceding House, to be sure, are binding upon the new Congress; the constitutional power of an unorganized House to determine its own rules, to judge of the election of its Members, and to choose its Speaker, may not be restricted. Nevertheless these functions of the Clerk generally have been acquiesced in, being regarded as wholesome practice.

In making out his roll of Members elect by States, the Clerk respects credentials of the Governors of the States, but is sole judge as to irregularities in these credentials. The first long contest on organization of the House, in 1839, was precipitated by the action of the Clerk, Mr. Garland, in refusing to enroll five Representatives elect who had been certified by the "Broad Seal" of the Governor of New Jersey. With two groups of contestants claiming these seats, the unorganized House reached an *impasse*, while the Clerk refused to put motions as to whose votes should be counted in the crucial decisions. Finally ex-President John Quincy Adams, who was then a Member of the House, took the chair upon his own responsibility and with the consent of Southern Democrats, acted as moderator instead of the Clerk. Nevertheless the latter's action in refusing to enroll the "Broad Seal" contestants resulted in their failing to gain their seats, and insured the Clerk's own reëlection.

There is no other instance of crucial test in which a Clerk has yielded to gain party advantage. Nevertheless, though the Clerk's duties are non-partisan, he owes his office to party nomination; and when control hinges upon a single vote, both his party's fortunes and his own position may depend upon his rulings.

The present incumbent, William Tyler Page, of Maryland, may be entrusted to handle this political dynamite with fairness and discretion. While he is thoroughly a Republican, yet his life has been spent not in active partisan politics but in the service of the House. He is well grounded in its traditions. First becoming a page in the office of the Clerk in 1881, when only thirteen

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years of age, he has been continuously in the service of the House of Representatives. For the past six Congresses he has been its Clerk. He is the author of *Page's Congressional Handbook*, and of *The American's Creed*. The latter, known to every school child, plights his faith *IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE; WHOSE JUST POWERS ARE DERIVED FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED. . . .*

THOUGH we may assume therefore that personnel of the new Congress will be determined according to just principles, there still may be a fighting chance for partisans to wrest control from the hands of a "paper" majority, or to win in a possible even division between parties. Much is to be gained in addition to the Speakership and the placing of partisans at the head of committees.

The vital question of party membership on committees is determined solely by the party in power, which sets a ratio roughly proportionate to the strength of groups in Congress. But even a majority of one in a committee of twelve, as the important Rules Committee, will exceed the proportionate strength of any party in the Seventy-second Congress. Such a majority of only one in the committees may be decisive, carrying through to the make-up of sub-committees and managers of conference.

It is probable too that victory on the first crucial votes will stand in the matter of organization for the whole session, or throughout the life of the Congress. True, a Speaker may be removed at the will of the House. But this has never been done, though the resignation of Speaker Stevenson probably was hastened in 1834 by political pressure. A Speaker's election however generally has been considered as final, no matter how keen the contest or how slim his majority or plurality. This was true of Speaker Winthrop, elected in 1847 by a majority of only one vote. Even in the "Revolution of 1910" Mr. Norris's coalition majority, which stripped Speaker Cannon of his autocratic powers, did not vote him out of office. So ponderous is the machinery of organization that once a party gains control, long odds favor its continuance in office regardless of chance by-elections or contests.

Nor is the current report correct, that election of a Speaker deprives his party of one vote on legislation. The Speaker may vote, though in usual practice his name does not appear on the tally. If the Speaker's vote would be decisive, however, as in a tie, it is his duty to vote. Many Speakers, too, including Mr. Longworth, have called others to the chair and participated in debate.

NEVERTHELESS the value of controlling under present conditions is questioned by many Democrats. Such control would give little chance for constructive action on party measures, since the Democrats in Congress would be unable to override the veto of the Republican Executive. They might make limited use of the "Holman rule," which allows the House to legislate in the direction of retrenching expenditures, by attaching "riders" to necessary ap-

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propriation bills. This rule was readopted in 1911, to give power to a Democratic Congress when Mr. Taft was President. In the main, however, the Democrats would incur risks of responsibility, while continuing to suffer the handicaps of the Opposition.

There are historical grounds, too, for holding that in a close division between parties, preference should be given to adherents of the Administration. In early English and Colonial practice, the Speaker was the agent of contact, forming a sort of liaison with King or Governor. Unless the legislature was definitely hostile, this go-between was preferably a Member "on good speaking terms" with the Executive.

STRATEGY within the Democratic party also makes many loath to assume control. Responsibility now ill comports with the plans of wet Northern Democrats. For the wet movement, despite gains, will remain in the Seventy-second Congress a movement of opposition. Not only would legislative leadership be in the hands of Southerners; by strength of numbers as well the South would dominate the Democratic caucus. Of the 216 Democratic Representatives elect, 136 are from Southern and border States. Some 150 Democrats in all have not yet bowed the knee to the repealist Baal! This number constitutes not only the major portion of the Democratic caucus, but gives a margin of six votes more than the two-thirds necessary to kill by party action any movement for repeal.

Astute politicians of the North realize that Democrats outside of the South thus would have the minimum of power under present conditions. The smaller the party majority in each house, the fewer are the Northern Democrats who go to make up that majority. In contrast, the Southern phalanx returns practically intact to the new Congress, after having recaptured all but one of the districts gained by the Republicans in the Hoover landslide.

THESE facts do not of course lead to the conclusion that the Democratic party is safely dry. The prospect of future gains in wet Northern territory will be most alluring. But the fact of importance with respect to the new Congress is that Democracy out of power can be distinctly wetter than Democracy in power — especially when the titular leadership rests with New York Democrats.

Instead of taking full party responsibility, therefore, it is possible that Democrats might prefer to act with the third party men and Republican "insurgents" in a non-partisan organization of Congress. This is the only type of combination which would be advantageous to the "insurgents."

For if they were to support a Democratic organization as such, fewer key positions would go to the Western "independents" than they hold under the Republicans. This is less true in the House, where densely populated States of the Middle Atlantic and Central sections somewhat overshadow the West. But the House "progressives" have no organization drilled to aggressive action, such as that in the Senate. Due in part to former victories of this Senate "progressive" group, the

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West Central States are there in line for more chairmanships under the Republicans than any other section. Senators from those States would head at least nine committees, but only one, as the parties now stand, under the Democrats.

In event the Republican left wing in the House organizes for independent action, however, a non-partisan organization of the House may follow. In such an outcome those who held the balance of power naturally would expect for themselves generous recognition, perhaps claiming the Speakership. Their logical candidates would be Paul J. Kvale of Minnesota, lone Farmer-Labor Member, or either Mr. Cooper or Mr. Nelson of Wisconsin. The preëminence of these two Wisconsin Members is based upon their seniority among House "progressives."

Objection may be raised to Mr. Kvale, the logical mediator in event of a deadlock, on the grounds that he is too young and lacking in experience. But there are precedents showing that the House has been governed by young men in times not nearly so complicated as at present.

If the Republicans to the last man stand ready to support their caucus nominee, present prospects favor the reëlection of Mr. Longworth as Speaker. If some Members should bolt the caucus, however, using this opportunity to put Mr. Longworth "on the spot" politically, then a Republican of less definite affiliations might be put forward. As the Republican plurality in February 1856 turned to Banks of Massachusetts, who had been elected as an "American" but aligned himself with the Republicans before Congress met, so conceivably the new House might pick O. B. Lovette, Independent Republican of the First Tennessee district, who was elected over Representative Reece on the Muscle Shoals issue.

Whichever of these detour routes is followed, there must be cautious steering, with scant comfort to the occupants of any party conveyance. Fortunately for the public, chief engineers on both sides of the political line state that they intend to keep the going smooth, improving upon the usual roughness of detours. As to that, however, only time can tell. There is bound to be heavy traffic in connection with the main project, which is road-building for 1932.

Yet the public may not look in vain for compensations. Two years ago in these pages the writer pointed out that Mr. Hoover's strength then exceeded that of his party. In a sense unparalleled in recent times, he was elected as representative of the nation as a whole. Neither then nor now has there developed any accurate party alignment on most of the vital legislative problems.

Mr. Hoover's true source of support therefore is essentially non-partisan, and in the fields of non-partisan endeavor he may be able to do his best work. As in the Seventy-first Congress, so too in the Seventy-second, for somewhat different reasons, the call is for executive leadership. Its special justification now is the absence of authentic leadership in Congress.

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Sundown Sings

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

A Story of the South

What are they doin' in Heavun today
Where sin and sorrow done all wash' away,
Where peace a-boun' like a rivuh, they say,
What are they doin' now?

Sundown stirred slightly and his foot brushed the crape myrtle trunk. A benison of purple blossoms drifted down on his back, but he did not feel them.

Sundown was troubled in his mind. The full of the moon always made him restless, but tonight the confused panorama of his life, crowded and jumbled, poured upward through the mysterious depths of his consciousness. He tried falteringly to find some solid lesson of experience, to seize on some memory, that might help him, guide him, in his new and keenly felt distress. Music usually aided him toward the happiness that came easily to a nature sunny, improvident and childish; but tonight "the peace that abounds like a river" was not for him.

Born on Barondel of a feeble-minded old Negress who died when he came, Sundown had soon acquired the privileges accorded by black and white, in the country, to a natural. He spoke with difficulty, unless deeply moved, and his vocabulary consisted of Gullah dialect so distorted by his cloudy perception and faulty powers of articulation that few on the plantation could comprehend when he did resort to speech. His early childhood equipped him with a lifetime of unalloyed pleasurable concepts. During that time he ate in one cabin or another; he frequently received part of the generous overflow from the Big House kitchen; he wore the cast-off clothes of the four white brothers who were of his generation at Barondel, and he was the fifth participant, the shy black shadow, in all the games his four idols played. They liked him, swore at him, made him fetch and carry, but never drove him away.

It was in this happy period that Sundown earned his nickname. Maum Sarah, who had stood godmother to him, caused him to be christened Isaiah Washington Pinckney, but that was too much of a mouthful to fit a lanky, half-witted Negro boy. Whenever the sun set, Isaiah Washington, in his childhood, crawled under the most proximate shelter — house, barn or wagon — and curled in instantaneous sleep. Maus Legare, the youngest of the four Carterets who would inherit

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Barondel, and who had been born in the same week as Isaiah Washington, first used the simpler name. Maus Henry, Maus Lewis and Maus Delorme gave it instant approval, and Sundown the little Negro became, to all who knew him.

Sundown, the child, was noted for two characteristics. One was inveterate shyness. He never looked directly at anyone when he could be observed, not even his four Maussas. If sent to call one of them to the Big House he would sidle six or eight feet past the object of his errand and mumble the message over his shoulder. Strangers, white or black, sent him scurrying to the depths of shrub or growing field. The other marking trait was a passion for riding. He would mount a wooden stick and "play horse," in the hottest summer sun, the long seven miles to Plantersville and the seven back home. To be allowed in a wagon was his idea of Paradise.

When Sundown was thirteen a terrible event occurred in his life. Astride his hobby-horse, he was making the hot pilgrimage to Plantersville when a rough white man stopped a wagon and offered him a ride. He muttered and hung his head, abashed and frightened. Instinct warned him from accepting the only proffer that possibly could have tempted him from his accustomed furtiveness. But he acceded. For eight years Barondel did not see him nor hear of him. During those nightmare years his new "po' buckra" master kept him in the depths of Hell Hole Swamp, a famous South Carolina bad lands.

Here the white man lived, with a ragged family, in a two room shack, set on poles to raise it from the black water, and surrounded by miles of great cypress trees that cut out the sun and wrought an impenetrable fastness for the half-starved, wicked ignoramuses who lived there and distilled illicit liquor of a potency and poison unsurpassed by all the world's other beverages. By day the boy worked, under the stimulus of a ready whiplash. By night he was chained, a terrified animal, to the roots of a tree. Often the water rose too high about the tree base for him to lie down, and he slept sitting, in the slime and muck, his aching back against the cypress trunk.

One winter night Cicero, the head man among the Negroes on Barondel, heard a whimper as he walked along the main road, near the outer gate. He stooped and made out, in the darkness, a crawling figure. No one but Cicero could have bridged with recognition the eight years that had intervened, but Cicero knew it was Sundown. He picked up the caricature of a human and carried it to the cabin where Maum Sarah, Cicero's wife, nursed it back to life and half-wittedness. In time the wrists, raw sores from chafing chains, healed to a leathery scarification. The lashed back grew new skin. Mercifully, flesh hid the gaunt ribs.

In Sundown's second incarnation at Barondel he had a new god. Maus Delorme, Maus Lewis and Maus Henry had completed their schooling and were out in the world, seeking the livelihood that Barondel no longer afforded. Maus Legare was at Clemson, the State College. It was Cicero who patiently taught the

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half-wit how to plow and to perform simple farm chores that justified Mr. Carteret, Barondel's owner, in feeding and clothing the shuffling Negro. Sundown never learned to count to three, but nobody could tally so accurately the sixty-odd cows, the several hundred sheep, the scores of hogs, that made up the principal live stock at Barondel. He literally knew each animal in person, and if one failed to come up to the barns at night, Sundown went immediately to Mr. Carteret or to Cicero in half-mouthed distress.

On the plantation was an especially stubborn mule that no white person had been able to handle since the far day when Maus Legare had fired a shotgun from the mule's back at a rising covey of partridge. The boy had left the mule with cyclonic suddenness and, until Sundown came back from the slavery of Hell Hole Swamp, the beast was useless. Sundown adopted Ma'y Mule, and Ma'y Mule adopted him. He could plow her. He could hitch her to a rickety wagon and haul the fodder from the fields or the soft brown, fallen pine needles from the forest, winter food and bedding for the cattle and horses. No Roman charioteer, parading before Augustus, was ever so proud in the colors of a patrician as was Sundown, standing erect on the perilous body of that home-made wagon, clattering down the plantation roads with Ma'y Mule giving her best like a thoroughbred. The test of Sundown's devotion was that he shared his chewing tobacco with Ma'y Mule. The test of hers was that she chewed the stuff.

Sundown's other pleasures were simple, but enough. He could not "bob" for trout in the rice field ditches, because that required one person to handle the boat while the other fished, and who would take the time or trouble to propel Sundown? He could not shoot the wild duck that flew in cloudy wedges over the swamps, rivers and creeks, for he had no gun and would not have been permitted to borrow one. But, he could dig worms and cross the river, where, at each rotted trunk dock, leading into the tortuous waterways of the reedy waste land, remained a pool of deeper water. Here, when the tide was low, sunnies, maw-mouths and bream, all edible pan-fish and beautiful to behold, gathered in the clear water and responded to the most casual fisherman. Sundown sat by the hour, a black statue, glistening with perspiration, surrounded by briar rose, blackberry blossoms, wild flowers and the vastness of the fields.

Evenings, he contrived always to be in possession of a mouth organ, and he believed he could dance. Buck and wing, soft shoe, double shuffle, all the intricate steps that the pickaninnies learned when they learned to walk, Sundown essayed. His mouth organ music was halting as his speech, and his dancing was a pitiful parody of those lively and agile measures. But he drew pleasure from his own efforts, and no one laughed at him. It was bad luck to hurt a natural's feelings.

Though he could not make music, Sundown had the Negro's true love of it. At church on Sunday, at fish fries, by fires in the evening, wherever singing was to be heard, Sundown, never wearied by his days of partner-

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ship with Ma'y Mule, was there to listen. When possible, he would lie off to one side, by himself. He had never been known to attempt to sing.

My sister saw the stone that was
Hewed out de mounting-side
(Rolling through Babylon);
My sister saw de stone that was
Hewed out de mounting-side
(Rolling through Babylon);
My sister saw the stone that was
Rolling through Babylon
Down upon de kingdom of de worl'.

From among the watchers in front of Maum Sarah's cabin rose the high pitched, delighted treble of a young girl's voice.

"Sho! Sho!" she called. "Tha's gran'."

To Sundown, listening and watching from under the crape myrtle tree, that voice was sweeter than any music, that brown, laughing girl more scintillant to the eye than welter of moonlight or dancing flicker of fire.

Now that Maus Legare and his brothers were far away from Barondel, Sundown's world was composed of three, Cicero, Ma'y Mule and Lavina, Cicero's young daughter. Lavina was seventeen and life sat easily on her supple shoulders. She cooked meals for Cicero and Sarah, and often for Sundown, too, for Sarah ruled in the kitchen at the Big House and had scant time for home duties. Lavina found energy, however, to be singing all day and often she danced by the hour, for no one's amusement save the settlement's children and Sundown, whom she ranked with them. She would clap her hands and half sing, half say, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" over and over, dancing meanwhile to the rhythm. It would be surprisingly long before she stopped, short of breath. Her personality was vivid as the cardinals that bejewelled the cedars and scuppernong vines, but her voice was cousin to the mocking-bird.

Lavina received, unthinkingly, a great deal of help from Sundown. The Negroes on the plantation did not draw water from the wooden cistern, fifty feet high on its tower, to which a gasoline pump lifted the supply that afterwards flowed through faucets into the Big House. For cooking, for washing clothes, for drinking, another well, with an ancient hand pump, afforded the hands' supply. Sundown left Lavina two buckets of water each morning, stopping as he passed to work to manipulate the creaky pump-handle, and he replenished her pails noon and evening. He split the tough "lightard" knots, fat pine, that she might have kindling. He even attempted to dry dishes, but his clumsiness proved too costly. Watching his awkward contortions as he provided Lavina's firewood, the other Negroes freely predicted that he would some day forfeit a foot to that weaving ax.

Cicero and Maum Sarah accredited these attentions to the gratitude which Sundown owed them, his benefactors. No whites in the Old South have a more rigid system of aristocratic strata than have the Plantation Negroes. Cicero was three generations removed from kingship in Africa. His father had served, unofficially, with a Carteret in the cavalry of the Army of Virginia, and had won his way back, after the

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peace, with two precious horses worth their weight in gold to the Barondel that Sherman's efficiency had visited. Maum Sarah's family had been owned by Governor Allston and her mother had been among the family servants of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle at fabled Chicora Wood. Sundown, progeny of a "charity nigger," even without his infirmity simply would not have existed as a suitor for Cicero's and Maum Sarah's daughter.

It was because of Lavina, though, that Sundown was troubled in his mind tonight, because of her and of Sam Blake, whose heart-breakingly beautiful voice led the quartette in the haunting vocal paths of the spirituals.

Sundown watched the back of Sam Blake's head, where the moon outlined it and the firelight carved it in sharp relief. A well-shaped head, and the face that the watcher could not see was arrogantly handsome. Son of the Reverend William Blake, pastor of Nehemiah Church, and nephew of Sam Blake, the elder, who was head of the most influential lodge in Georgetown County, young Sam Blake was as worthless as any human with that golden voice could be. He had lost four jobs because his fingers made no distinction between his own and others' property. He had served a term in the chain gang because he had stolen store checks when paying off for a sawmill company. He drank and he harried the settlement girls. Voice or no voice, he could never have held his place as leader of the Methodist quartette had it not been for his family's influence. Nobody among the Negroes wanted to offend the Reverend William Blake, most popular pastor in fifty miles. Nobody dared offend old Sam Blake, the uncle.

Sundown had seen and heard significant happenings earlier in the evening. Just after dusk, when the moon had lighted only an arc of the sky, and that faintly, Ma'y Mule having been fed and bedded and the cows milked, Sundown had slouched silently from the barns toward the settlement. Passing the ancient scuppernong arbor he had heard a strangled sob, and seen a flying figure, deer swift, scurry from the shadow and into a copse of cedar and holly. Sundown had cleared at a bound a six foot border of azalea, whose green leaves waited in monastic dullness for the riotous masquerade that would deck them in spring. Another figure was before him, another reached first the light flying fugitive.

Sundown, running furiously, recognized the pursuer ahead, heard the sound of a kiss, another stifled sob, and then made his own guttural wrath audible to both of those in the tangled thicket. Sam Blake had laughed and released Lavina, who panted and fled home. When Sundown reached the Blake boy, who stood carelessly and waited, the surge of emotion was too great for the natural to speak. He could only swing his arms, roll his white eyes in the darkness and growl in protest. Sam Blake had laughed again and turned away, leaving Sundown to fling himself on the ground, where he beat his hands against the leafy sod in impotent rage, moaned and whined. . . .

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I got a star in that crown;
Ent 'is good news?
I got a star in that crown;
Ent 'is good news?
Ent 'is good news?

THE jubilant notes died away in the moonlight. Singing practice was over. Laughter, congratulations, exclamations of happiness, fell, a living bay and laurel, upon the singers. The day's work had been crowded to a remote background; the morrow's impended but lightly. Everyone had something to say, excited, light-hearted.

Sundown rose from his inky island in the sea of moonlight and laughter. He did not join the babble of praise, now commingled with jovial good-nights, the shrill "ee-eee-ee" of the women's voices contrasting with the drawling bass of the men. That night the natural, reverting to an old custom, slept under a shed by the rambling red barn. He drew some comfort from the nearness of the stock and he wanted to try to think. For him, the effort was a kind of heroism.

"Ent 'is good news?" Sundown muttered the words over to himself. They only emphasized how out of key his troubled spirit had been with the music. Waves of premonition, thick, vague, undefined, rolled through his brain. They were all of bad news — bad news.

Nehemiah African Methodist Church lies like an architect's nightmare, in an open, piney space that washes against the otherwise bowered Neighborhood Road, three miles from Barondel.

From Birdfield, Enfield, Springfield, Rosebank, Durliton, Hasty Point, Nightingale Hall, Briar Rose, Barondel, Guendalos, and Chicora Wood, the Negroes came, on Sunday morning, to attend the last day of the Methodist Conference. Here were bonnets that put the wild-flowers to shame. Here were skirts of yellow, green and scarlet, set off by the proud and shining black of a neighbor's mourning. Here was a veritable sunlight of cheery greeting — "ohs" and "ahs" and the "ee-eee-ee" that testifies polite amazement and delight at a friend's anecdote, or bit of gossip, or new dress, or ninth baby. The young people twittered like birds, and some of the oldest of the gathering, to whom religion had become an obsession, bore their heads high, faces grim or exalted in anticipation of a penitential or ecstatic day.

AN HOUR of singing made these hearts malleable for the hammers of oratory that were to pound them. *Let the Church Roll On*, they sang, and *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, and *Gospel Train*, and *Shout for M'Jesus* and *I Ain't No Stranger Now*. One of the visiting preachers, a Baptist greatly honored, made a spoken refrain of the sentence, "Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity." All woe was good, he held, and but a contrast to the bliss to come. Hosannas! and Hallelujahs! and Praise the Lords! and Great Days! welled up from the packed, perspiring congregation in ceaseless interruption, but these interspersions were as meat and drink to the gesticulating personification of sound that stormed up and down the platform. He showed the Methodists how a Baptist could preach.

More singing. Toward noon Daddy

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Laseigne, who was eighteen years old "when freedom come" and at eighty-four had been ailing these last months, had a stroke, falling into the aisle and lying there unnoticed for nearly twenty minutes before two boys carried him out. During the songs, all stood up and all shuffled their feet, running back and forth between the narrow spaced benches, three short steps this way, three steps back, heads and feathered headgear bobbing, hands thrown upward in prayer or rejoicing.

SUNDOWN, not of great importance in this fashionable place, had been put in one of the seats where the sun beat on his unprotected poll. He wore the pink shirt, the red tie, the pearl gray trousers, the yellow shoes, which Mr. Carteret, choosing with unerring understanding, had given him on the Fourth of July. Church always jangled his nerves, but he came, because, although he never sang a note, he loved the music and because he cherished the sense, which he could comprehend, of the words that promised friendship from One before Whom all, even he, would be on an equal basis. Today, the stiff shoes hurt his feet, the sun hurt his head and he was glad when the second preacher finished. The quartette performed, flawlessly, and Sundown ducked his forehead to keep from looking at Sam Blake.

A table was placed before the pulpit. On it was a shining white cloth. During the quartette's singing, the congregation came up, one or two at a time, and laid dimes or pennies or nickels, with an infrequent twenty-five cent piece, on the cloth. All the preachers and the leading deacons stood on the platform and watched. After a worshipper had thus revealingly and unmistakably tendered his offering, public opinion accredited him free to saunter down the centre aisle and out into the pine grove, where he might pause to gossip, or set off for home. Services would begin again at three o'clock in the afternoon and continue until nine that night.

Sundown raised his eyes when Lavina came forward with a nickel, and soon he made his own way, head bowing jerkily to those whom he jostled, to the table, where he shyly deposited a dime on the white cloth. This action, repeated on many Sundays, constituted Sundown's entire experience in public life, and it always tried his courage. He slouched, breathing easier, down the aisle and past the big cypress door to the familiar freedom of the Neighborhood Road.

CICERO, a deacon, stepped down from the pulpit platform. Maum Sarah, outside on the flower spangled grass under the pines, was busy arranging the contents of three weighty baskets. One of the visiting preachers had been invited to share the picnic spread with the family of Barondel's head man. Four fried chickens, fifty beaten biscuits, a tin pail of cold chicken gravy, pickles, fresh tomatoes, two watermelons, four custard pies and a gallon of strong tea composed the repast that would tide guest and hosts over until late suppertime.

Cicero, inside the church, waited, important and serene, his brown mahogany face alight with dignified geniality. The Reverend Nicodemus

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Huger, who would share the meal under the pines, was the last but one to leave the platform. With him, arm in arm, walked the Reverend Moses Frost, pastor of Nehemiah, and the two stopped to exchange time-honored pleasantries with Cicero.

SUDDENLY, swift as a black edition of the Marquis de Carabas's cat, but divorced in every mobile unit of his face from kinship with any messenger of good tidings, Sundown catapulted into the church. At speed cinematic he passed the three who were talking, pulled up short just in the shadow of the pulpit and mumbled incoherently over his shoulder.

Cicero, giving no heed, continued what he was saying and Sundown shook off years of deep and humble respect. Turning, he swept aside the Reverend Huger, as if that worthy had been so much rice chaff in a September wind, and pawed at Cicero's chest.

"Yo' make tawk, tawk, tawk, FOOL," he shouted, "an' yo' dahter done shoot."

That explosive epithet, coming from Sundown, would have jarred the big Negro foreman from any conceivable equanimity, and he looked down, his own eyes widening, a catch at his throat, into the distorted countenance that compelled attention. Without further question, the four men turned toward the door and traversed, in panic haste, Nehemiah's threshold.

At the side of the Neighborhood Road, about one hundred and fifty feet from the church entrance, a knot of the recent congregation clustered. Other figures scurried about, aimlessly. Bright, multi-colored clothes, black arms and hands; all the actors in this fore-stage scene moved in sharp relief against the whitish dust, the green grass, the crisp brown tree trunks, the clear and all-prevailing sunlight. Marionettes they were, under a blue, garish proscenium, marionettes but unblessed with silence. From the group at the edge of the pine woods jerking sobs ascended. Two women began to scream in hysterical antiphony.

AS CICERO had stood in the church talking with the two preachers, a report had sounded outside. At the moment his mind had rejected it, ticketing it as a probable backfire from some antiquated Ford. Now that explosion, ominous, flashed back into his consciousness. He strode to the centre of the excitement, followed by a black shadow that lurched and muttered. Not Cicero nor any other had eye or thought for Sundown. At the edge of the sandy thoroughfare, head turned sideways as if in sudden weariness, lay Lavina. Red widened on the yellow bosom of her dress. Her father bent over her, unbelief retreating slowly from his solemn and steady eyes.

"Sam Blake done shoot her!" a high-pitched voice shrieked, then smothered into silence, as if by realization of terrifying indiscretion.

Cicero rose from his examination of the stiff figure.

"'E daid," he announced, simply, and set off toward Barondel. Those in his path made way for him. Some followed. Others remained, silent until the father's broad back was out of sight. Then they lapsed like frightened jays into confusion and babble.

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Mr. Carteret, stepping outdoors to smoke an after-dinner pipe in a home-made hammock that hung from a live oak branch, glanced over toward the quarters and saw a restive circle of gayly dressed Negroes. To his eye, that, on a Sunday midday, could only mean trouble. He made his way across the park, passed over a stile and walked up to the gesticulating men and women, who seemed to be waiting for something or somebody.

"What's the matter here?" he asked. "Why aren't you-all up at the meeting?"

Everyone tried to tell him at once. Incisive questioning had gleaned the major facts, when a sudden hush cut off details.

MR. CARTERET turned. Coming from the little one-room structure, near the barns, which bore the name of the watchman's camp. appeared a solitary figure. It was Cicero. His eyes looked straight before, and in the hollow of his right arm was a glistening twelve-gauge gun, kept at the camp to use in vengeance on marauding dogs that sometimes on moonlit nights attacked the sheep.

The white man waited until Cicero drew even.

"Where are you going, Cicero?" he demanded.

"I d'go get Sam Blake," the foreman replied, speaking in a faraway voice, as one who answers but does not hear.

Mr. Carteret's manner was gentle, persuasive.

"You'd better leave this to me, Cicero," he said. Then, touching his arm, and firmly, "Give me that gun."

Cicero looked at him, seeing him, in reality, for the first time. For a long moment their gazes held. Then, with a hand that trembled, the big foreman tendered the shotgun. He sighed, drooped his head a trifle and stood there in the sun, bewildered.

Mr. Carteret, the gun aslant on one shoulder, crossed the park again and entered the smaller automobile of the two that Barondel boasted. He leaned the gun beside him against the other front seat and proceeded swiftly toward the Neighborhood Road. Willing hands opened the big red gate and the further white one.

At Nehemiah, Lavina's body had been carried to the church stoop. Lamentations were in full sway. The plantation owner's voice, sane and peremptory, extracted the one piece of knowledge he needed. The car started again.

AS MR. CARTERET approached the massive outer entrance to Briar Rose, a Ford came out of that gateway and turned toward Plantersville, away from Georgetown, the county seat. The white man stepped on the accelerator and called to the occupants of the other car.

"Hey, there, you William and Sam!" he shouted. "I want to talk to you."

The Ford stopped. Mr. Carteret pulled up alongside.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"Sam done make trouble." The speaker was not William Blake, but Sam, the elder. William drove. The boy who had killed Lavina huddled on the rear seat beside his uncle who scowled, erect, holding a shotgun between his knees. "Sam done make

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trouble, 'n' we d'take him to Sheriff."

Mr. Carteret made no mention of the discrepancy between this statement and the direction of the car. He did not touch the weapon at his side, nor take any notice of Sam Blake's.

"All three of you, get in here," he ordered.

Slowly, they obeyed.

THERE was almost no testimony at the trial of Sam Blake, held two months later. Sundown, ill of a fever and out of all his poor wits, would not have been, in any event, a competent witness. No other Negro, of those several score who saw the killing, dared to relate facts that would have sent William Blake's son, Sam Blake's nephew, to the hangman. They had all talked freely enough in private, but neither threats nor cajolery could make useful witnesses of them. The county prosecutor put two on the stand and then gave up. The jury, all white, knew the facts, but they also knew that a first degree conviction would be thrown out of a higher court on simple petition. They grumbled, cursed niggers in general, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The judge sentenced Sam Blake to eighteen months on the chain gang, and Sam's lawyer told him he had better serve it and be grateful.

Sundown lay three months in a tiny cabin near the pasture. Ma'y Mule came and looked gravely in the window at him, but he could not recognize her. Maum Sarah nursed and fed him, brewed him horrific potions and consulted a conjur' man. Old Daddy Laseigne, recovered from his stroke and hobbling around in defiance of the Biblical rule of threescore and ten, prayed for the sick boy's recovery. In the cold days of January and February, the natural rose from bed, but spent the chill weather huddled by Maum Sarah's fire. Rust corroded the mouth organ and shuffling parodies of dances no longer made the pickaninnies hide their laughter. Sundown, who never sang, had stopped making music even in his heart. Meanwhile, Cicero, unchanged by all outward signs, went his stately way about the plantation. Always the reverse of talkative, he became more silent than before.

Spring, in due time, brought her ridiculous extravagances to the Pee-dee country. The azalea vied with the rainbow. White lanterns hung in the magnolia trees. The crape myrtles began anew their passionate beckoning to the world. Once more the wildflowers held festival congregation in swampland and the piney high places. The rice fields across the river lost their mallard and teal for scrawny "summer duck," but were compensated by the annual transformation of dun reeds to flowering verdure.

THE whole round of a second year swung likewise in a pulsing cycle. Life flowed evenly at Barondel, more peaceful than the peaceful-seeming river, but the river that seemed so tranquil moiled and toiled in daily battle with the resurgent tides, and human hearts have yet to find a habitat where inner forces do not pull and rend.

In the second summer Sam Blake came out of the chain-gang, larger, harder of bone and muscle, harder,

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too, as to the smile that played about his dark lips. Word from Briar Rose and from the Negro section of Georgetown reached Barondel that Sam was much his old self, perhaps a trifle more defiant in manner, a trifle more reckless of consequences. A sense of the proprieties among the congregation, finally aroused, prevented his reappearance in the church quartette. Barondel did not see him. He was not reckless enough for that risk, although the close-mouthed Cicero had never uttered a syllable of threat; indeed, had not mentioned the death of Lavina since that day when he had relinquished the shotgun to Mr. Carteret.

Sundown had long since resumed his unostentatious routine of life, minus the mouth organ and the dancing. He still would listen to singing, but morosely. His watermelon teeth no longer flashed in cheeriness when he ducked his head in the assent which was his sole rejoinder to any spoken word from a white person. He held conversations long and earnest, although assumably one-sided, with Ma'y Mule.

AMONG the least of the laws, in the eyes of the community, which Sam Blake habitually broke was the Federal statute naming the period in which duck might be hunted. November, December and January are the magic months. Then the rich Northerners come down; the local landowners are out every day with boat and gun; white and black spend hundreds of dollars for black powder shells, and nothing for meat. In the summer, however, a smaller variety of duck, in much less number, can be found in the fields and streams, and South Carolinians have a wholehearted contempt for a Washington-made law telling them that this somewhat stringy bird, which their fathers have hunted since the Revolution, is taboo.

Sam Blake, that summer when his chain gang sentence terminated, took up the bootlegging of duck as a convenient, natural way of livelihood. In a home-made boat he slipped across the Peedee from Briar Rose and waited patiently for the dim hours just before dawn. In the sheltered bend of a creek, in one of the half stagnant "lakes" in the rice fields, or nestling on the bosom of one of the larger canals, the wildfowl slept. Coming upon them silently, Sam would wait until the birds, still drugged with sleepiness, half rose in flight, when it was easily possible to bag from six to ten with one double discharge of his weapon. The ducks sold on the streets of Georgetown, or at the kitchen doors of the white people there, for seventy-five cents a pair.

ONE August night, two years after Lavina had done with dancing and laughing, Sam shivered a little as he paddled softly away from the boathouse at Briar Rose. A heavy mist lay over land and water, that ancient mist which the plantation owners, until the turn of the century, believed was the carrier of malaria and which drove them, every living white person, to pass the summers in the cottages at Plantersville, in the piney uplands. The moon, at the full, could be seen only at intervals, and then it was but the formless, bloody suggestion of a sphere. Night sounds,

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in the mist, had a hollow ring. Distances were deceptive. Sam moved in a tiny, shifting island of visibility, blanketed, pressed upon, by that sea of fog.

As the insubstantial boat reached the swamp, a screech owl hooted, far across the wild of hidden green, and the wail echoed, muffled but penetrant, disturbingly eerie. Into Lachicotte Creek Sam paddled, and for a little space was comforted by the cheery sound of the water pouring out of the old trunk docks and trickling down from the higher levels of the ditches. All the swamp seems to rejoice with each outgoing tide. The land has won again. The sea has been pushed back. Homes of countless living creatures win to dryness and security. An incurable optimism recurrently pervades the rice fields, as if they at last had earned the freedom, sought for centuries, from the thrall of the salt and bitter tides.

SAM headed for Davenport's Lake, a depression in the marsh that has no boundaries when the tide is at the full, but that shrinks to a mere forty acres when the ebb is running strongly. Along the edges of this inland, miasmatic sea the receding water leaves soft mud that will mire a human to the neck, if he be so careless as to step from a boat to its deceptive surface. Only by skilful passage from tussock to tussock of reeds, or by perching on the deathless stump of some former cypress monarch, can man keep his footing in this perilous terrain.

Sam knew all this territory like the back of his hand. Usually, he had no fear. He anticipated that, an hour after tide-swing, the dawn would come, and that the sleeping birds would be discernible, ready for him to frighten into abruptly ended flight. Nevertheless, when the turn of the tide came, and the triumphant cheeriness of the land, freeing itself, gave way to sullen and silent resistance, as the waters flowed inexorably back to their accustomed victory, uneasiness flowed, too, in a creepy wave through the Negro's brain. This is the fearsome time in the swamp. Everything battles, in silent hate, against the returning waters.

PADDLING with hands that were not so sure as their wont, Sam found an old stump that he knew well, made fast the boat, and sat in the black night on the blacker excrescence of the swamp, waiting for light. The mist and clouds had smothered the moon, and it had died, somewhere behind the curtain. To wait, to wait, to wait, in the murmurous silence of the sullen swamp, proved difficult, even for a familiar.

At last, a new reddening permeated the mist. The sun was struggling to reënter his kingdom. The hours of the reign of the mist were waning. Sam saw, in the half light, dim bird-forms that rested on the water. He threw back his head to utter the screech that would transform them into identifiable motion. More eerie than the call of the hoot owl, that cry rose and died, with awful suddenness, in a strangled gasp. Strong hands had closed on the hunter's throat. Incoherent mumblings sounded, like the far off murmur of threatening waves, in his ear. The shotgun splashed into the ebony water. The birds whirred and took

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wing, unpursued by any death-tipped lead. Sam's fingers were clawing at that black steel about his welling throat, but there was no escaping this retribution that had come silently, with the incoming tide, out of the silent night.

The limp body was trodden in heavy fury, down, down, down, into the slimy mud and, presently, a cayuga, hollowed out of half a cypress log, made its way in the first faint morning toward the Waccamaw, where the occupant cast loose a towed duck-boat. The incoming tide would gently wash it against the shore. There it would be found and tell its geographically false tale of tragedy. As for what lay in the marsh, the flowing water would obliterate all signs of struggle, all evidence that man and man's passion had punctuated with puny drama the mighty resurgencies of the swamp. If, by some freak of current, the thing rose, it would be discovered first of all by the alligators, whose interest would not be punitive.

WILLIE BENTON, who had enjoyed succession, these many months, to Sam Blake's old place as leader of the Methodist quartette, was in fine voice at practice, the following week, to prepare for the annual Conference at Nehemiah Church — fine voice and fine spirits. Sam Blake's duckboat had been found floating on the Waccamaw, and Sam Blake had not come home to Briar Rose. Either he was dead, or he had left the county, and in either case there was no longer danger that a softening of community feeling among the church people might one day lead to the deposing, from his harmonious heights, of Willie Benton.

Like figures in an old dream, the Barondel Negroes lay about Maum Sarah's cabin stoop. The firelight leaped high and snapped at the troublesome mosquitoes, and a broken moon, striking slantwise the large crape myrtle between the cabin and the pasture fence, cast a splotch of inky shadow. In that shadow reclined a listener, chin cupped in hands.

I'm goan lay down my swo'd and shiel',
Down by de rivuhside,
Down by de rivuhside;
I'm goan lay down my swo'd and shiel',
Down by de rivuhside,
An study wah no mo'.

I ain goan study wah no mo',
I ain goan study wah no mo',
I ain goan study wah no mo' —

THE spiritual was one of triumph and exultation. The third line of the chorus mounted, clarion and vibrant with thrill; then the tercet was repeated, ascending again, rich with finality of evil overcome. Etiquette permitted that any of the auditors, if moved beyond power of restraint, might join in this pæan.

As the quartette swung into the repetition of the tercet, an added voice was heard. Husky, indistinct in enunciation, it nevertheless brought a rough and turbulent, new strength to the effect of victory.

I ain goan study war no mo',
I ain goan study war no mo',
I — ain — goan — stu — dy — wah — no — mo.'

"Ee — eee — ee!" shrilled the delighted voice of a young girl, from the cabin side of the fire. "Lissen to Sundown! Sundown sing'!"

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The Country or the City?

By William Lyon Phelps

"Cultivate your garden" was good advice, but there are gardens in penthouses as well as in the country

George W. Russell, better known as A.E., is a paragon of versatility. He is a Jack of all trades, and good at all. He is a poet, a painter, a mystic, a practical statesman, a journalist, an essayist, a public orator, and one of the best conversationalists in the world. And he himself is greater than any of his productions, for he is indeed the leading personality of Ireland. It is fortunate for the United States of America that Mr. Russell elected to spend the autumn and winter in our country, as no one can come in contact with him without being the better for it. He is an idealist filled with common sense.

Thus when he tells us to go back to the land, to become farmers, to cultivate our gardens, to avoid the hectic life of big cities, he tells us something important, something worth our attention. In giving us this particular advice, however, I think he has possibly confused conditions in Ireland or in England with conditions in the United States.

It is certainly true that Americans tend to veer toward the big cities, and that Englishmen love to live in the country, *especially in the winter.* Even when Americans spend three months of every year in the country, these three months are in the summer time; innumerable places on the Maine coast, along the Great Lakes, in the interior of Vermont, New Hampshire, Wyoming, and other localities, are filled with inhabitants in August. But when Labor Day dawns, it is the signal for departure. Booth Tarkington, in his new novel, *Mirthful Haven*, has shown how the typical Maine seacoast village falls into its hibernation after the first week in September. In England, on the other hand, those who can afford it live in London during April, May, June, and July; then they depart for the country, and they love their country homes best of all between November and the end of March.

Of course there are good reasons for this. The English climate, detestable as it seems to an American, seldom has the extremes found with us. Such terrific extremes as are found in Iowa, for example, are more shocking to the average Englishman than the sweltering heat of India. Englishmen who have the leisure for it spend most of their time

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outdoors during the winter season; it is wet, but Englishmen love rain. The expression, "as right as rain," must have been invented by an Englishman. They feel there is something wholesome, healthy, and morally clean about rain, and something almost degenerate about heat when accompanied by drought.

But there are two main reasons — apart from hunting and other outdoor sports — why Englishmen love to live in the country during the winter. One is that the country is beautiful. There is in England itself not much scenery that can be called sublime; but nearly every countryside is charming. The English village, with its mediæval church, old stone houses, excellent roads and walled gardens, is surpassingly suave. Every American, who takes a train from Paris to London, has a sensation of bleakness and barrenness on the way to Calais; then, looking out of the train window, in the late afternoon, as he journeys from Dover up to London, there is an incomparable dewy freshness, a loveliness about the trees and the lush meadows, that is restorative. Sailing over England in an airplane, the green and pleasant land seemed to me soft and gentle; and the villages looked neat and tidy, finished and complete.

Another reason that makes living in the country very different in England from conditions in America is the smallness of the island. Just as you are never far from the sea, so you are never far from London. The London newspapers have a circulation vastly in excess of our metropolitan journals, and why? Because the majority of England's inhabitants can have the London morning newspaper at the breakfast table. This keeps them in close contact with the city; they are never in exile. For the same reason, although their homes may be in the country, they can run up to London any morning, spend the day there, and return to their country dwelling for the evening meal. English trains are as a rule faster than ours, run at convenient times, and are comfortable.

Now, in these two respects, beauty and nearness to the metropolis, consider country conditions in America. Suppose a man should literally follow Mr. Russell's advice, give up his home in a city and go back to the land, that is, live in the real country. There is all the difference in the world between living in Kent or Sussex in England, and living in the middle of South Dakota in America. Not only are our remote country districts unbeautiful in the ordinary conception of beauty; they are terribly inconvenient, if one wishes to share in the intellectual advantages of the Twentieth Century.

As a matter of fact, Americans are already moving toward the country in the manner that seems most sensible, under our conditions. Manhattan Island has lost heavily in population during the last ten years; and our smaller cities of moderate size show a similar trend. The census of 1930 was received by the inhabitants of many American cities with incredulous rage; there seemed something unpatriotic about such figures. But this apparent lack of growth simply meant that thousands of Americans were making a wise use of the automobile. They go to the city

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for business or enlightenment, but sleep in the peace and quiet of the country. It seems to me that Americans to a very large extent are doing in these days what Mr. Russell wants them to do, so far as that is practicable.

Furthermore, if one wishes to develop intellectually, it is well not to be too far from the advantages of civilization. For my part, although I love the country so intensely that I enjoy spending a quarter of my life in it, and am already looking forward to the time when I can spend half my days in it, I am glad that my winter home is very near New York. I should not like to be exiled from theatres and concerts and all the innumerable opportunities afforded only by a great city.

EVENTUALLY the radio and television and other inventions may make it possible for millions to live in the country, who now prefer the city. If we can see the faces of our intimate friends and converse freely with them at a distance of two thousand miles, there may be a final end to all congestion; while one theatre, one opera, one concert, one art gallery, may supply fifty million people with the necessary means of culture.

Immensely as I admire Mr. Russell, I do not fear the coming of the calamity that disturbs his mind; if he has been quoted correctly, he believes that in a very few years our lust for life in cities will take us all to the devil, and our so-called civilization will perish.

My reason for not fearing it, apart from those already given, is that I believe spiritual growth is dependent far more on the individual than on the environment. I do not go so far as some have gone in their comments on Mr. Russell's gloomy prophecy; one man has been quoted as saying that there is not now a single American of any intellectual consequence who does not live in the city. I think he has forgotten Robert Frost, Dorothy Canfield, and Eugene O'Neill.

I BELIEVE that to the rightly-constituted mind New York City may be just as romantic as Vermont. Spiritual growth depends on the individual; even those living in cities who wish they could live in the country need not necessarily be damned. There are great poets who have found their chief inspiration in the country, and there are poets equally great who have found it in the city. Consider those contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson, possibly because he was born and spent his early years in a remote country district, always hated the city, hated crowds, hated social life. Browning, on the other hand, born in London, never lived outside a great city. He spent his whole life in four big towns, London, Florence, Paris, Venice; he never went to the country except for brief periods of rest and recreation. To him a crowded city was as essential as a laboratory to a chemist or a library to a historian. Browning found nothing incompatible with spiritual development in going out to dinner every night in fashionable society. Tennyson, who hated all that, said one day to his rival, "Browning, you will die in a dress suit." But Browning did nothing of the kind; he died, like a Christian, in his nightgown.

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The Cuban Tangle

By O. R. Strackbein

Ours Is Not The Only President Beset With Tall Difficulties

During the past several months Cuba has experienced sporadic upheavals with revolutionary tendencies, just as during the past few years she has lain almost prostrated under an incubus of severe economic depression. To say that her political unrest is the outgrowth of economic adversity would be to utter a rather obvious political catch-phrase, but one which seems particularly applicable in this instance. A brief review of President Gerardo Machado's administration and the evolution of his programme of construction and development will bring into bold relief the genesis of his present difficulties, economic no less than political. It will show the disheartening race which General Machado has run against besetting economic ills, falling tax receipts and declining trade; as well as the cumulative compromise with political opportunism which he found inevitable and which has given the opposition the needed principles for popular and international appeal, and recently revived talk of possible intervention by the United States under the Platt Amendment.

General Machado, a Liberal, was elected in the autumn of 1924 by a large majority over former President Menocal, who was the Conservative candidate. Machado's platform included several planks, the outstanding ones of which were the construction of highways, waterworks, sewerage systems, the expansion of educational facilities, and refusal to contract additional loans. He was also emphatic in declaring that he would not accept a second term, a banality of Latin-American politics which is honored much more in the breach than in its observance. He went into office in May, 1925, a tremendously popular man. He was known as a strong man, a man of integrity and sound judgment, and was highly applauded as such.

Old-timers, however, were skeptical and took with a grain of salt the ebullitions of those early days. They pointed to similar promises of previous administrations and the subsequent corruption which always dissipated the gold in the coffers without leaving any appreciable works to show for it. Sufficient appropriations had often been made to line the entire republic with first-class highways, but the roads remained unconstructed. People would

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have to be shown before they would admit that the incoming administration was different.

No sooner had the new President taken office than a change was apparent. A fresh spirit had entered the governmental halls. Vigor and expedition replaced languor and postponement; while civic untidiness and graft gave way to sanitation, order and integrity. Havana was transformed within an amazingly short time from a city of evil-smelling streets, beggars and open bawdy houses into a precinct of polished cleanliness. Streets were repaired and kept scrupulously clean; parks were embellished, and beggars were taken from the streets and confined in institutions. Many urban nuisances were immediately abated.

When after a year, however, ground on the central highway had not been broken, and the price of sugar had begun to fall, the skeptics were not slow in pointing to their predictions. The reforms which the Government had instituted, they branded as superficial, and its work as more obvious and ornamental than important. A series of special taxes had been created in July, 1925, and as the depression deepened, the cry went up to initiate the great programme which had been promised, so that the funds which had been collected might be put into circulation. The public seemed to believe that this redistribution of fifteen or twenty million dollars which had been collected would offset the decline in value of the sugar crop which amounted to at least one hundred million dollars.

But the Government stood by its guns, planning carefully. What did the public know about the extent of preliminary survey work, location, compiling of minute data of costs, which were necessary to present specifications for bids by contractors? The public expected the highway to rise miraculously out of the treasury funds and lay itself ready-made across the land! When this did not happen, it began to murmur. A year had passed; and then another six months. What had become of those glib promises?

General Machado next found that he had other things to think about besides his construction programme. These things grew out of the "sugar situation." Cuba produces a vast tonnage of sugar (four or five million tons annually) and derives the greater part of her national wealth from sugar cultivation. When the price of sugar is good, Cuba is prosperous, and *vice versa*. Since 1925 it had largely been the latter; and the outlook for improvement was gloomy, but not utterly discouraging. Under her post-war schedule of production, Cuba lost nearly $100,000,000 whenever the price of sugar fell one cent a pound. In a country of only 3,500,000 people, that is a tidy sum. The future outlook was dark because of what had happened during the World War and the years following it. Not only had Cuba doubled her production during the war under pressure of war demand, but that protection did not recede after the war. When the battle-scarred nations of Europe resumed their pre-war rate of production, the world's table was soon offered more sugar than it ever had. Prices fell and kept go-

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ing down and down. Cuba became alarmed. President Machado under this pressure conceived a programme of national development looking toward diversification of agriculture and industry, and ultimate escape from dependence upon sugar as the key to Cuba's welfare. But he did not abandon his public works programme; he incorporated it as a fundamental phase in his broader plan. Good roads are indispensable to marketing of farm products, especially in a country where railway freight rates are as high as they are in Cuba. He therefore proceeded with his plan of constructing a central highway across the heart of Cuba, about seven hundred miles in length, at a cost of more than $70,000,000. So it was that in 1927, two years after taking office, the construction contract having been duly awarded, work began simultaneously in Cuba's six Provinces and was not halted until financial difficulties interfered with the steady work in 1930, and then only after most of the work had been done.

In view of the extreme pressure brought about by the *débâcle* in sugar, the administration saw the wisdom of pushing the groundwork for crop diversification with greater speed, and decided to finish the highway in five years instead of ten as had been originally provided for. This would not only facilitate agricultural development by offering more immediate means of truck transportation, but it would offer greater economy of construction. Unfortunately the special taxes which had been levied to defray the cost of the public works programme would not provide the funds necessary to pay for this high-speed work in accordance with the terms of the construction contract. After mature consideration, a financial plan was entered into with a New York banking firm whereby the taxes collectible during the second half of the ten-year period were pledged against an advance of cash of $60,000,000 which, combined with the current collections, would permit conclusion of the work in five years. The President had thus broken his first promise. He had increased Cuba's foreign debt; but the press, still favorable to him, spoke of the loan not as a loan but as an "advance."

As the construction work gathered momentum President Machado again rose in popular favor, and in another year there was no longer any doubt that his administration was pledged to fulfill its promises concerning highways and other public works. Contracts were let to build a national capitol, reservoirs and sewerage plants for several of the larger Cuban cities, and the embellishment of Havana went apace. But sugar was destined to harass Machado yet more. After a heartening advance in 1927, it turned into a decline from which it has not recovered and which by 1930 carried Cuban sugar to the lowest plane ever recorded.

The President struggled courageously with the problem, at all times consulting the leading interests in the industry, both native and foreign. He first decreed limitation of the crop to slightly more than 4,500,000 tons, and later to 4,000,000 tons, hoping to correct the condition

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of excessive supply. He sought to enlist the coöperation of European and Javan producers, but did not arrive at a satisfactory agreement. After three years of restriction, the programme was abandoned as impracticable. International harmony was not achieved, and as Cuba reduced her production other countries took up the slack by increasing their output. Next, Machado established a single selling agency, again after consulting the interests which were most directly concerned. The entire crop was placed in the hands of this agency for orderly and restricted marketing. There was so much sugar in the world, however, that this plan was equally ineffective and was soon abandoned. Inevitably General Machado lost in prestige. That the wisest sugar economists in the world could have done no better, made no difference.

In 1928 the public works programme was broadened in an effort to circumvent the sugar disaster, and the special taxes were extended to cover a twenty-year period instead of ten. Under this arrangement additional "advances" were negotiated, and public construction went on at a higher rate than ever.

IN THE meantime the other phase of the broad programme had received its first impetus through the promulgation of a new and carefully planned tariff, toward the close of 1927. In general, it was designed to stimulate local manufacturing and the production of new crops by the device of decreasing the duty on the raw products needed by the new industries and increasing them on the manufactured products which would compete with the output of the Cuban factories; and by raising the rates on foodstuffs which would compete with the farm products which were to be cultivated.

Before many months a number of existing factories which were given additional protection, increased their production and a number of small industries, hitherto unknown in Cuba, sprang up. The production of vegetables, poultry and eggs was also increased.

THE Government pointed to the fertility of the Cuban soil and showed by consultation of import statistics and public records that Cuba might produce a large share of the footstuffs which she customarily imported. Nearly $100,000,000 might thus be cut from her annual bill of foreign purchases. The services of foreign experts were engaged to study the adaptability of various crops to the Cuban soil and climate. Tariff protection could be granted whenever it was found feasible. Experiment stations were improved, and special concessions offered to planters of new crops. A technological institute was built and opened to attendance. Every effort was made to awaken the public to the possibilities of diversification; and publicity was carried on through the leading newspapers to inculcate a preference for articles of domestic production.

Newspapers were encouraged to open agricultural sections in which articles on scientific farming appeared from day to day. Free urban markets for the sale of farm produce were established. Stock serums and vaccines were distributed free of charge. The dairying industry was

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stimulated by the issuance of sanitary regulations which through enforcement increased the confidence of consumers in native dairy products.

Now, just as this great programme was getting under way, the country was faced by a change of administration, for the President persisted in clinging to his promise of a single term. He was prevailed upon to change his mind, and when he yielded, he did so with characteristic vengeance. Not only did he run again, but whipped the three existing parties into united support of his candidacy, and went to the polls in November unopposed. The only opposition which raised its head was concentrated in a group which called itself the Nationalists. It was without effective or popular leadership, and General Machado did not permit, and has not permitted this group the liberty of assembly or organization into a recognized political party. His action was based on the ground that the group was inciting discontent and represented influences subversive of the national peace and the progress embodied in his programme. Charges have been made that he dealt unceremoniously with members of the group, exiling some, imprisoning others and permitting the assassination of yet others. This has given the opposition certain ideals of democracy, liberty and republicanism for which to wage an ever increasingly effective campaign.

HAND in hand with the single candidacy went the amendment of the national constitution whereby the Presidential term was extended from one of four years to one of six, and Congressional terms in harmony. When Machado was thus reëlected in 1928 he faced a term of six years, making a total of ten years of office. During that period, it was hoped, his programme could be realized.

BUT the price of sugar failed to rally and, on the contrary, continued its downward trend. Since 1928 the sales price has been below the cost of production. The largest sugar firm in Cuba, an American company, was forced into a drastic reorganization. Business in general suffered greatly, and numerous failures resulted. During 1930, and especially after the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, by which the duty on Cuban sugar was increased from 1.76 cents a pound to two cents a pound, Cuba's economic condition sank to alarmingly low levels. Raw sugar fetched only a cent a pound in Cuba, about half its cost of production. The American tariff of two cents amounted to approximately 200 per cent ad valorem. Two native banks recently closed their doors and the Federal Reserve system rushed millions of dollars to Cuba to bolster the bank reserves. American investments in Cuba were estimated several years ago at $1,250,000,000, and Cuba was our foremost customer in Latin America.

In the face of the sugar disaster the public works programme became a burden. Public discontent increased in proportion to the difficulty in which the Government found itself. Charges of extravagance were heard, with special reference to the construction of the national capitol at a cost of nearly $20,000,000, and the embellishment of Havana; even

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though these works were applauded when they were undertaken, for it was understood then that they were part of a plan to attract American tourists. Of the latter ever greater numbers came year after year until the winter of 1929–30, when conditions extraneous to Cuba conspired to keep some of them away. Tourist traffic had come to be a small but really appreciable source of income. As for the capitol, it may be said that a previous administration had once undertaken its construction only to leave it unfinished, an unsightly skeleton in the heart of the city. General Machado through Dr. Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, his Secretary of Public Works, brought to Cuba an example of vigor and expedition in execution of works hitherto undreamed of in the Government of the tropical island. He showed what could be done where ineffectiveness had been the historic characteristic of government. In some instances he had to assume the tactics of a dictator, but this did not deter him.

WHEREAS the public works programme became a burden, the programme of diversification, necessarily slow, did not respond in time to save the situation. At least five major problems loomed to cripple it. In the first place, lateral roads must be built to act as feeders to the central highway before the latter would attain its greatest value; and for these lateral roads sufficient money was not on hand. Secondly, financial assistance to planters was not forthcoming, for the banks, mostly foreign were not inclined to lend money on experiments. Expansion was therefore necessarily cramped. In the third place, the home market was not large, and the United States, Cuba's only market for vegetables and perishable fruits, wields a deadly and blighting tariff, flexible in character. No sooner did Cuba produce larger quantities of beans, grapefruit, pineapples, etc., than her American competitors became restive. Fourth, irrigation enterprises became discouraged over this outlook and abandoned their plans in view of the risks involved. Finally, over all lay the natural inertia which attends all programmes of diversification of production.

UNDER these conditions President Machado came to face revolution, and the question of American intervention under the Platt Amendment, which recognizes our right to intervene for the purpose of guaranteeing a government capable of upholding liberty and protecting life and property. After a students' outbreak in which one student was killed, Machado suspended the constitution in the Havana district. This action was entirely within the law, but was recognized as an extreme measure. He is determined to keep down rebellion and may be counted on to use strong-handed methods, if necessary. On his visit to the United States early in 1925 he said in a speech that it was his hope that Cuba during his administration would make possible the abrogation of the Platt Amendment by proving Cuba's undoubted capacity to govern herself. Should he yield now he would subscribe to his own failure and that of Cuba's most heroic attempt to establish a vigorous and progressive government.

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Honey Along the Road

By Melanie Earle Keiser

A Story

The world was still lighted by the morning star when Juanito entered the sleeping village of Old Horseshoe. His cart was loaded heavily with bags of fertilizer, for it was tobacco planting time in Cuba; but the lead oxen, Butterfly and Springtime, were fresh as dew, and faithful Ropebreaker and Step-on-flowers, Sailor and Gardener, were always to be depended upon for hard hauling. The musical jingle of the oxen's bells was broken at intervals by the driver's shout of encouragement or direction. Each animal knew his own name and understood his master's orders as perfectly as a pet dog would. Alas, for the ox that failed to obey! For Juanito carried his *aguijón*, or steel pointed pole, across his shoulder, ready to punish an offender with unmerciful jabs on the flanks.

He trudged along through the lush grass with a sense of exultation. This morning he was really getting a fine start ahead of Ramón. Ramón's house, just ahead, was as silent as the other houses, and there was not even a suggestion of smoke from the kitchen. Today he would be well on his plodding way before the rattle of Ramón's truck would throw into cruel relief the difference in fortunes of the two drivers. Juanito raised his voice to a minor strain and began to sing:

> When the flower loses its honey
> Nothing is left but bitterness.

The dark shadow of Ramón's house seemed to become animated. Juanito caught a whiff of cigar smoke. Then he heard a hearty voice.

"Santa Barbara!" exclaimed Ramón. "Learn to sing another song, Juanito! *Por Dios!* Sing:

> When the flower loses its petals
> Then the delicious fruit is formed.

"You will pardon me? But there is honey, off and on, all along the way."

"Uh!" Juanito snorted angrily. "My teeth haven't ached from too much sweet, I can vow to it." So Ramón was up after all! Bad luck was always Juanito's companion.

"You don't look for the sweet," Ramón continued. "Coffee will be ready soon. Won't you stop and drink some — some coffee with honey?" he teased.

"Thank you," replied Juanito stiffly. "Since buying that truck you must have lost your memory. When *you* were a poor cartman like me, *you* didn't stop at every house to drink coffee. Good-day!"

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"Not 'Good day,' but 'Until soon,'" said Ramón good naturedly. "I'll be seeing you again along the road."

Ramón went into his house and soon Juanito smelt the pine splinters burning under the coffee pot. Of course Ramón would see him again along the road! Would see him and would pass him. Ah, that was the hard part — he would pass him! Pass him with the ease and speed of a winged bird. Would pass him and wave his hand and call out cheerily and mockingly, "I'll tell them that you and Christmas are on the way!"

THE two men had been rivals since boyhood. Juanito was proud and touchy about his skill as a driver, and no cart had ever passed his except Ramón's. But somehow Ramón always *did* pass him, always got ahead and made the best deals and the biggest prices. And in middle age Ramón was strong and getting fat and owned a truck, while Juanito, with breaking health, faced failure. The truck was driving him out of business. People preferred to have their freight brought by truck, and Juanito had been forced to lower his rates to make up for slow delivery. He could scarcely make a living, and he needed money — oh, he needed money badly for his small Tití, the fragile little daughter of his old age. Tití had been awake this morning when he left, Tití and Maria, the sad-eyed woman who had borne her to him.

"I can not make you coffee this morning, Juanito — there is none," the woman had said.

And the child reached out her little arms and said:

"Come! I'll give you a sweet kiss instead of coffee, little papa!"

When he leaned over her cot she caressed his bristling cheek with her hand. "My little papa! My little unshaved papa!" Then she shook her finger at him in mock seriousness. "Now, you listen to me, you bearded papa, you! Don't you let that old truck pass you today! 'Cause if it does you won't get any more freight to haul, and if you can't haul freight, who will buy me my little potato every day — eh?" Then she drew his head down and kissed and petted him. "Go on, little papa — my dear unshaved papa!"

His heart was aching with tenderness and anxiety as he looked at her lovely flushed face, and her eyes too hollow and bright.

"She gets no better," Maria said, answering his glance of inquiry. "God grant you have no misfortune today!"

THE scene was vivid in the cartman's mind as he passed out of the settlement of Old Horseshoe and started down the Royal Road. He and Ramón were hauling fertilizer for the same planter, and if Ramón arrived much before Juanito the employer very likely might, as shrewd little Tití had suggested, give the entire remainder of the hauling to Ramón. That would mean idleness for Juanito's outfit, while he hunted other work — and work was scarce these days. Well! The old man stiffened his back and threw up his head. He would try! He would *try* to get there before Ramón.

"Springtime! Step-on-flowers!" he shouted to encourage his oxen. The Royal Road was bad, terrible, in

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fact. There was one place that was really dangerous for cart and truck alike, the narrow pass between the Mudpuddle of the Skull, in whose dark waters lay the bones of an unknown traveller, and the dread Sink Hole, which was declared bottomless. If he could cross that pass before Ramón's truck tooted behind him! Sometimes Ramón was held up a long time there, his wheels sunk in the deep mud.

"Ropebreaker! Butterfly!" he cried. Ay, Tití! How could he face those reproachful eyes if he failed — if Ramón passed him! His lips tightened and his toes curled in his rope-soled slippers.

"Butter*fly!*" He waved the *aguijón* in threat and the animal ran forward, alarmed. Perhaps, after all, Ramón would have a punctured tire.

"*Virgin del Cobra!*" he prayed, bowing his head. "Guide his car over broken glass!" His eyes, as fevered as Tití's, scanned the surface of the road, in the dim light, for tire-destroyers, but the road seemed disgustingly clear and safe. "Santa Barbara," he prayed, "Look upon my need!" It was for small Tití, the child who could not live upon yams, the doctor said, but must have potatoes every day. Well, her little papa would do his best. Her unshaved papa would try. The finger nails cut into the palms of his clenched fists. And then a plan of action sprang into his mind. Why leave the matter of the broken glass to heaven's rather doubtful aid? There were always beer bottles in the hedgerow, and of what use was an *aguijón* if not to shatter bottles? He poked about in the weeds until a reflected star-gleam proved to be a bottle. It was the work of a moment only to break it into dangerous pieces and scatter it over the road. Doing this gave him a tremendous sense of satisfaction, of having put his hand to the plow. There was no one to see him do it, to report him to the Rural Guards. He was so cheered that presently he lifted his falsetto voice again and began to sing:

> Oh, I will defend my flower-bed
> From the barbed shafts of misfortune.

The Lucero, or morning star, hung low and pale as they climbed over the little hill where the tall century plants stood sentinels. They were getting along splendidly.

Once he stopped short, and, putting his hand to his ear, stood listening. He thought he had caught the throb of a motor behind him, but no truck appeared, for which he thanked all the saints in the calendar. If he could beat Ramón across the pass by the Sink Hole, the victory might be his. He might arrive first with his freight, to receive smiling praise from the rich planter, and work for another fortnight. Work! That was what he wanted. A chance to work hard every day, from before dawn until quite late at night. Work, good hard work, in the merciless sun, that he might keep life in small Tití. As always, the thought of the child made him determined. Ramón should not pass him today.

"Springtime! Step-on-flowers!" he shouted, urging the beasts along at their briskest gait.

Hark! What was that sound? Was it the wind coming up out of the swamp? Oh yes, to be sure, the morning wind.

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The Lucero had set and the east was delicately colored with violet and rose. The little flycatchers were flitting about with their plaintive note of "Peterre! Peterre!" The world was waking for another day of struggle — failure for some, success for others. For Juanito it would be success. Today he would admit no other.

The first bright rays of the sun touched the palm tops as he approached the pass. He had hurried the patient oxen along relentlessly, and now he must pause, whether he wished or not, to let them rest.

"Who-a! Ho!" The animals stood relaxed, heads hung low, sides heaving. Juanito lit a cigarette and leaned against a tree. The morning had given him hope. The cool breeze caressed his hot cheeks and reminded him of the little child's hands — those little thin hands whose touch meant heaven to the poor father. Ah, today he would win. Nothing should stop him today.

HARK! He took the cigarette from his mouth and listened. There was surely a distant sound, the wind, maybe, or a motor car he couldn't tell which, but he was galvanized into action at once.

"Sailor! Gardener! Springtime! *Forward!*"

The animals roused and stepped off slowly, their bells ringing, the heavy cart creaking.

Juanito put his hand to his ear again. The wind? *El diablo, no!* It was the truck! He stood still for an instant to calm himself. Then he became grim. "I *will* be first! Ramón shan't pass me," he declared.

Just ahead, the Sink Hole and the Mudpuddle of the Skull lay on either hand. "Sailor!" he shouted, and prodded the brute with his *aguijón*. The animal sprang forward. "Sailor! Springtime!" The oxen were now on the pass. "Walk with care!" he cried warningly. "Butterfly! Hoo-ho-o!" He looked into the dark mudpuddle and crossed himself. Laying a hand on the lead oxen's yoke, he vaulted to the opposite side where he could watch the road better. "Feet-on-flowers!" He swung his long *aguijón* in mid air. "Feet-on-*flowers!* You cursed child of a pig! You demon of a bone-headed bastard! You —"

THE torrent of accusations died on his lips. A long, ominous, Honk! Honk! sounded down the road. Turning, he could see the yellow dust roll up in a cloud. The truck rounded a curve and came at a rush. What was the use? Misfortune was Juanito's companion. One can not evade one's fate. The tortoise can not beat the hare.

The insufferable rattling of the truck slowed up a little. It was preparing to go by and the road was too narrow for passing at speed.

"O la!" Ramón called out. "Give me a little more room, can't you? I'd have come up with you before, but I struck some broken glass back there and had to change a tire."

The glass had punctured a tire! And even though Ramón had already caught up, the knowledge of having delayed him brought a glint of triumph into Juanito's sick eyes.

"A-ha, you struck glass, did you? That's one little weakness with your demon of a truck. If there happens to be any glass on the road — if there just happens to be any glass —"

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Suddenly the truck had come to a stand, and Ramón, with blazing eyes, was leaning down at Juanito. "'If there just happens to be any glass,'" he cried. "What does this mean, my friend? You seem highly contented — quite too highly contented — about that broken glass back there. Perhaps you would like to pay for the mending of my tire?"

JUANITO'S face blanched. What had he said? Idiot that he was, what infernal thing had he said? He began to tremble in every limb. "Pay for your tire," he mumbled. "You must have lost your few senses, Ramón! Pay for your —"

His voice died out, for Ramón had jumped from the truck and was advancing on him. "It was you!" Ramón was shouting. "Son of a pig, it was you who scattered the glass! "Your face of acoward confesses it. It was you!"

Juanito lifted his *aguijón* and his voice came loud and high, but quavering. "You can not prove it!" he cried. "Where is your witness? Who saw the glass scattered? Ah, you think you can triumph over me, you think you can always say, 'Give me a little more room,' and I will let you go first! But today, sir, I will show you! Today you shall stand back and wait! You and your cursed truck shall wait until I have crossed the pass."

In a rage he turned to his oxen and shouted out an order. His head swam and he put a hand to it. Ramón should not pass — but what was happening? Were the oxen crazy? The cart wheel was on the very edge! It was slipping off the edge of the road into the mudpuddle! "Sailor! Sailor!" he shouted. *Diablo!* A thousand devils! "Sailor! *Sailor!*" The wheel dropped off the road and sank hub deep into the Mudpuddle of the Skull. In Juanito's excitement he had shouted the wrong command.

RAMÓN threw back his head and laughed, but Juanito scarcely heard him or noticed when he turned to his truck. The wheel was settling deeper and deeper into the black waters and, as Juanito peered down at it, there was a weight crushing him so that he could scarcely stand. Now he would be delayed here for an hour or more hunting extra oxen to help pull his cart out of the pool. Hiring oxen when he needed every penny! If he hired oxen he could take no potatoes to Tití tonight. He stood quite still. It seemed as if there was nothing he could do but stare at the cart wheel and the muddy water. The pool was deep and Juanito was very tired. It beckoned to him. Was there any use to wait for more of life? All that he had known of it had been like this and in the future he would simply get older and more tired. He stepped nearer the polluted water and raised his arms.

Ramón's engine began to snort and there was a honk from his horn. Juanito turned with a jump and saw that the oxen, in turning the cart to one side, had left room for the truck and it was preparing to pass. The hot blood rushed to his head. He was strong again now and full of insane fury.

"No!" he shouted. "No, you don't! Not this time!" He gave a mighty yell of "Springtime! Butterfly! Feet-on-flowers!" No wrong orders now, but the right commands, sharp and clear, and sharp prods

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from the *aguijón*. The obedient oxen swung to the right with a mighty push and pull, the cart groaned, even the left wheel swerved in the mud, and the whole outfit turned.

"Ah, will you pass? Will you pass now?" Juanito cried. "Will you get your load in first today?"

With unusual slowness Ramón climbed down from his truck and came over to view the blockade. The pass was so narrow that the cart across it, with the left wheel anchored in the mud and the oxen trailing ahead, had effectively closed it to traffic.

Juanito, his *aguijón* poised, stood watching. "Perhaps," he said, "you are convinced now that you will not pass me today."

RAMÓN stared hard at Juanito's flushed and quivering face, gave a slight shrug, and, taking a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, offered it, just as if nothing had happened.

The wretched man waved it aside with both hands.

"I think it would be wise if you accepted," Ramón said very quietly. "You excite yourself too much. What is the cause of it all? Why did you strew the road with glass to cut my tires?"

Juanito did not answer. He was watching a man galloping up on a gaunt little pony — watching open-mouthed and with a sudden fear.

The man waved his torn hat. "Juanito!" he called. "Get the doctor! Titi is fainting. She goes from one faint to another. Maria says to get the doctor."

"Titi! My little Titi!" Juanito's shoulders began to shake with sobs. Maria wanted the doctor for Titi, but the doctor lived miles beyond this pass that Juanito, himself, had completely blocked. He had sought to spite Ramón. He had been angry, because Ramón had better luck than he, and this was heaven's punishment. "Oh, is there more bitterness than this?" he wailed. "Let me drain the cup once for all and have done with it."

"Juanito! Wake up and get out of this hole!" It was the man on horseback exhorting him. "Don't you understand? Titi is fainting. You've got to get the doctor."

JUANITO drew his sleeve across his eyes and stared at his cart and oxen. What was he to do? Get oxen, lots of yokes, and work half a day? The turning of the cart across the road had pushed the wheel back a little, miring it still deeper. It would take strong hard pulling now to undo the mischief caused by his rage. There was no time to lose, and it would take more energy than ever. He walked back a few steps, trying to think where the nearest pasture was. He would need six or eight yokes of oxen. Over toward the hills he saw some animals grazing. He was looking at them so intently that he almost collided with the truck.

The truck! The strong, dauntless truck! How quickly the truck could pull him out of the mud! Ah, if he had not strewed the glass in front of it! He looked at Ramón, who was smoking a cigarette and eyeing him with curiosity. No, he could never ask a favor of Ramón.

"But the child may be dying!" cried the man on horseback. "Why don't you do something? Maria thinks Titi may die."

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"Ramón! Ramón!" Juanito was on his knees in the road. "Ramón, for the mercy of heaven —"

"Ho! Up with you!" cried big Ramón. He had Juanito by the shoulders, lifting and patting and soothing him. "There! There! No more excitement! In two by three we'll have the cart out of the mud, to be sure! No explanations! You're sick, man! You're not yourself at all, I've been seeing that. We'll have the cart out before you know it, and the oxen shall graze by the roadside while we go for the doctor. You'll not mind the speed of the truck this time, eh? And we'll get any little thing you may need for Titi. Potatoes, was it, I heard that the doctor said she must eat?"

The men were unyoking the oxen, nimble-fingered, practical. Juanito, still crushed and helpless, could only stand by and watch.

Then Ramón glanced up and smiled at him. "Hey, old fellow, what do you think? We've been good enemies — such good enemies all our lives — I believe we should make good friends."

"How could such a thing be, Ramón?" the old man asked humbly.

"We both have the same spirit, the desire to get ahead," Ramón declared, "and we are neither of us afraid of hard work. My son has been helping me with the loading and unloading, but he is buying a truck himself now, and that leaves me short-handed. Come on, Juanito, take the job. Steady pay and no rival to worry you."

Juanito could not answer. Such a wonderful chance when he had come to the end of hope. Mutely he held out his hand and Ramón took it. And then, at last he found his voice.

"You were right, Ramón, but it is because you have a great heart. You were right. There *is* honey along the road."

Sketch

By Elinor C. Woolson

A jet black horse
Walks slowly home
From toil;
His head is bowed
And he lifts his heavy feet
With effort;
In back of him
The low sun is a golden disk
Of glory,
Shedding long bright rays
Out into the clouds
Of rose and lavender.

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Exile on a Coral Beach

LIEUT. FRANK DORN, U. S. A.

I Found a Co-Ed Princess on Tulayan

I THINK that Nasilin was a secret worshipper at the shrine of the exiled Princess Tarhata. At any rate, he was one of her most ardent and faithful supporters, and now that he had been appointed a local Chief of Police, he promised to induce her to receive us on her lonely island of Tulayan. We had found Nasilin at Tandu Bato, and as we were thoroughly delighted by his entertaining stories and amusing ways, we decided to take him with us. Though he spoke but little English and only slightly more Spanish, he seemed to be highly pleased with our company, and wasted no time in getting aboard the launch. Fortunately, Steve was familiar with the Joloano dialect, so by employing several languages, we contrived to understand most of his fascinating conversation. In addition, some of our original stock of Scotch remained, which blessing provided the wherewithal for a lingual understanding probably unsurpassed in the whole gamut of philology. Of course, since Nasilin was a Mohammedan Moro, he was forbidden by the tenets of his religion to imbibe. But he most appropriately suggested that Mecca was many weeks distant, and that the Prophet was long dead. So, much to Steve's annoyance — Steve being a rather important Government official — Andy and Tex and I did our best to bring down the wrath of Allah on our heads by seducing one of his only too willing believers along the road of wine and the damned.

NASILIN had enjoyed a thoroughly wicked past, and spent hours regaling us with tales from its pages, smiling and chuckling over the more pleasant recollections. A number of years before, in order to win a prize of head money, he had brought the heads of two outlawed Moro bandits to Zamboanga to insure collection from the District Constabulary Commander. And to make absolutely certain that he should not fail to receive his money, he personally delivered the two heads, wrapped in sacking, to the Colonel's house. In those days fresh vegetables of any kind were difficult to obtain, so the Colonel's wife, who happened to be sitting on the porch when Nasilin arrived, assumed that one of her husband's warlike and picturesque admirers was presenting her with two cabbages. As she did not under-

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stand his dialect, she accepted the packages, smiled her thanks, and hopefully started to remove the damp sacking. Nasilin proudly watched her until she screamed and fainted. But Nasilin collected his prize money without argument.

As we approached the island of Tulayan, I asked him how many people he had actually killed. He shook his head, reached for his drink, which he sipped gleefully as if to prolong its pleasure, and then began to count on his fingers.

"Will you need my fingers?" I asked.

"No, there were only nine that I know of; but many more that I shot in fights in the jungles of Jolo Island. I did not get their heads, as there was no prize for them," he smilingly replied. Again he chuckled as he happily sipped from his glass.

"We had better send his picture to the advertizing agencies," Andy suggested. "For nonchalance he wins all prizes."

Nasilin was a little disappointed when Andy and I told him that we had never killed anyone. I think he considered us rather poor soldiers.

OUTLINED by white coral beaches and a border of pale clear green water, Tulayan rose out of an emerald and sapphire sea to a high tree-covered hill in its centre. The golden colored straw of the houses as they straggled out into the water, the purple and red, the green and orange, and the black and white of the costumes of the Moros on the shore, made a flashing contrast in the bright afternoon sunlight to the darker green of the trees and waving palms as they scratched and clattered in a soft caressing breeze. Deep down among the coral gardens countless tiny fish of every conceivable color swam lazily through the crystal clear water. As I watched them the dreaded rumpicandada — the barracuda of other seas — darted among them, scattering them in all directions. The presence of this so-called tiger of the sea once more reminded me that these waters were extremely dangerous for everything except himself.

WE DROPPED anchor in the little cove of green water about which the village was scattered. As I was not particularly familiar with royal princesses, I was, to use the expression, somewhat in a twitter. Steve had told us the story of Tarhata's history, and I must say that for a girl of twenty-four she had crowded a great deal into her life.

The Sultan of Sulu, because of his boyhood prodigality and excesses, had no direct heirs. For many years his sister, the Dayandayan, had been what might well be called the real power behind the throne. Through the Sultan's brother, Tarhata was the closest in the line of succession who could make a reasonable claim to the throne when it became vacant. For this reason the Philippine Government, in a moment of wisdom and generosity, had sent her to the University of Illinois to be educated in the ways of the American world. But when her allowance was withdrawn, in a latter not so generous moment, she was forced to return to Jolo, the capital of the Sultan. Shortly after she married Dato Tahil, an uneducated Moro nobleman of considerable following, for

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which privilege Tahil had agreed to pay the Sultan eight thousand pesos. However, Tahil was not stupid. He gave the Sultan an I.O.U. which the latter has yet to collect.

TARHATA conceived the idea, which seemed to me to have been an excellent one, that she could force the unpopular Sultan to abdicate in her favor and ascend the throne of the ancient Sultanate herself. Tahil, who incidently had some good claims to that very throne, was at this time the most popular of the Joloano nobles. She wished to force the situation by a big show and political pressure, and was wise enough to object strongly to the use of arms or any kind of bloodshed. But like all self-respecting Moros, Dato Tahil and his supporters saw a chance for some good fighting and a temporary return to the glories of the past, and very soon had complete control of the situation. At this point Tarhata threatened to withdraw her own large personal following, so Tahil beat her up in a proper husbandly fashion and practically kidnapped her to his *cotta* or fort in the mountains of Jolo Island. They were attacked by a large force of Constabulary troops and overwhelmingly defeated. Tahil was sentenced to twenty years in Bilibid Prison and the Princess was exiled without income to the lonely little island of Tulayan.

Incidently this island was once ceded by the then reigning Sultan to Queen Victoria as a mark of friendship and appreciation. After the signing of a treaty to abolish piracy in the Sulu Sea, the Queen, or Disraeli, or some other Minister, had sent him a present of a number of English fallow deer. Native Joloano deer are about as big as a collie dog, so he was tremendously impressed and considered the gift as being quite remarkable. He would probably have given her the whole of North Borneo and thrown in Palawan for good measure if she had sent him a few Irish elk. (A mistake on the part of the British Crown in Empire building.)

WELL, anyway, we had reached Tulayan in a most cheerful mood. Steve had the small boat lowered, and started ashore as self-appointed ambassador. This boat was frightfully unsteady, so I was glad that he took it, as every time I attempted to get into it I was scared that it would tip over. With many backward glances, Nasilin sadly accompanied him, while Andy and I poured another and then defiled the pure Mohammedan waters with an empty bottle from Scotland.

Shortly after, two outrigger *vintas* put out from shore to take us to be received by the Princess. I had never been in a *vinta* before, and suffered a few qualms at the thought of standing upright on an eighteen-inch hollowed log in my condition. But I managed all right and found, to my surprise, that it was absolutely steady. As I realized that I was safely ensconced, I could not resist the temptation to thumb my nose at any barracuda which might possibly be eyeing me from the depths of the little bay.

The Princess lived in a small house which had been loaned to her by the rich widow of a powerful noble who had been one of the signatories to the now famous Bates

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Treaty. She and her ladies-in-waiting, councillors, a few *hadjis*, and the *imaum*, were waiting to receive us on the porch. We shook hands with her and her ladies first. The *hadjis* and councillors did not seem so keen about seeing the hand of their princess defiled by our Christian touch, but their scowls quickly passed when we took the hand of each of them. Mohammedans do not use the handshake as a form of greeting, but they feel flattered when a white person so honors them and are usually as pleased as children. Not knowing how to perform this simple act, which is new to them, they watch the clasped hands in a childish fashion, instead of looking at the eyes. Tarhata was very pretty and charming in a Moro costume of pink and orange silk. She was apparently so pleased to hear English spoken again after her three years of exile that her welcome was probably much warmer than it would have been had we been native guests. Her lovely warm ivory skin made a perfect setting for big black eyes, and her rather wistful face and charming smile won my heart at once. She had known Steve before, and at once invited us all to sit down and to have dinner with her later.

NASILIN had disappeared, but presently he came into sight with the fat Chinese storekeeper of the island in tow. They had found two bottles of what later turned out to be very poisonous tasting but intoxicating liquor known in Manila as Chinese Scotch. How it is concocted I have no idea, and after a few drinks, I doubt very much if its manufacturers have, either. Our Chief of Police had decided to appoint himself master of ceremonies, particularly after he had been commented on by the Princess. When I mentioned him she remarked, "Oh, Nasilin — he is one of my best friends; but he might prove treacherous to anyone he disliked." As he understood only his own name and the word "friend," he was highly pleased with the doubtful compliment.

WE DRANK the deliciously refreshing juice of green coconuts that the servants prepared for us by cutting off the ends of the shells. But I soon noticed that Nasilin was much more pleased with his coconut than I was with mine. So while Steve talked matters of state, Andy and I followed Nasilin into Tarhata's bedroom, where he showed us how to make an excellent summer drink that would excite little suspicion in the innocent minds of our strictly Volsteadian Mohammedan hosts. We poured generous libations into our coconuts, and, with Nasilin's assistance, induced the simple-minded servants to try the mixture in a loving cup. Mohammedans or not, they loved it.

I asked the Princess, who was well aware of what we were doing, if she cared to try some.

"I would like to, but I can't," she replied. "I must do what these people expect of me. I have no money, but they have been so loyal and kind that I could not think of offending them."

"It must be a hard life," I suggested.

"I don't mind that phase of it, but I have been here for over three years now. My husband is in prison,

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and I won't divorce him and remarry. It is very lonely and I am only twenty-four. But how good it is to hear English once more! I had almost forgotten the sound of it."

With the promise of providing a few American dishes which she said she would love to taste again, Steve induced her to come aboard the ship for dinner. Meanwhile Andy and Tex and I decided to explore the village. Like most coast towns it was built largely on piles over the water — an excellent solution for the disposal of garbage and sewage. It was not a large place, but was beautifully scattered through coconut palms along the shore. The sun dropped down — and two snow white parrots flew across the reddening western sky. Gorgeously colored costumes of every imaginable shade wandered up and down the paths. All but naked men hauled in the fish nets or carried huge jars of water into the houses, their wet skin gleaming and golden in the fading light. When we came to the mosque, which was a well-built wooden structure with gaily painted decorations of red, green, blue, and white, I started to beat the deep-toned, leather-covered gong. But when a boy told me that it was used only to summon the people for prayer and meetings, I promptly desisted. I had no idea of leading anything in prayer, much less a thousand or so Mohammedans.

As the first stars began to blink out through the fading glory of the sky, we returned to the launch to prepare dinner. Steve did most of the cooking, which consisted almost entirely in heating and opening various cans. Just after dark several boats with what appeared to be a great many people put out from shore. An early moon flooded the sparkling sea with silver light and made the tiny particles of phosphorescence in the water shine like millions of tiny lights. Silhouettes of waving palms, the red flare of the torches on the approaching *vintas*, a soft warm breeze, and the silver radiance of the moon — all contributed toward making a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Tarhata boarded as if she were on a state visit. With her were two ladies-in-waiting (one of whom knew but two English expressions — "Thank you" and "Good morning" — and used them incessantly whether they were right or wrong) the *imaum*, who wore the white turban and golden scarf which signified that he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, two councillors, and a number of servants and nondescripts. To our delight, Tarhata brought some large crayfish, crabs, roasted fresh beef, green coconuts, and cakes which had been made by forcing rice dough through small holes in ripe coconuts. In return we offered such standard American canned fare as baked beans, corned beef, canned peaches and apricots, butter, bread, coffee, and ice water. She was most pleased with the bread and butter and the ice water. Practically marooned on her out-of-the-way island, the unfortunate girl had not tasted anything but rice, fish, shell fish, and occasional beef for three years.

Tarhata proved to be a very interesting and vivacious talker and told us many of the details of her unsuccessful *coup*. I think she was still

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convinced that it would have been a success had it not reverted to open insurrection. She had escaped from the doomed *cotta* only just before it was captured and later managed to get to Zamboanga in a small boat, where she gave herself up to the authorities and was promptly pardoned. Her description of the battle was most vivid.

"My God, how do you think a girl feels when she hears bullets whistling by her ears?" she cried. "I was so scared I could not move. There seemed to be thousands of soldiers on all sides of our fort. The noise was awful. And that terrible sound of the bullets flying past! I hate to think of it. And I have thought about the whole thing too much. Maybe it is good to talk to you who are friends and do not despise me too greatly for what I started."

THEN she turned to Steve, who had been in command of the Constabulary troops in the battle. "I would have been so ashamed if you had seen me in the fort after the fight; you who have always been one of my best friends. I could not have stood that, even though I knew you would protect me. But if we had won that battle they would have killed you, and I would have been unable to stop them. If only Tahil and his people had listened to me it would have been so much better. I couldn't stop them once they got started. You know how the Moros are. They have always fought and they hated the Sultan."

"Tarhata, how many were really in the *cotta* when the fight started?" Steve interrupted.

"That was the worst part of it. Days before you attacked we expected a few more. At the beginning there were only about sixty men and a few women. Just before the soldiers captured the *cotta* there were not more than fifteen or twenty left. You came so suddenly and unexpectedly in the middle of that terrible night. We were not ready, and some ran away when they saw how things would turn out.

"When the big guns began to fire, someone threw me down on the ground. I screamed and then got up and ran away just before the soldiers reached the fort. You thought the place had been completely surrounded, but there was a way out through the jungle. I will never forget the flight through the forests. Yet I can't remember any of the details, except that I reached a village on the coast in the morning. I thought I was going to die, but I didn't. A fisherman took me to Taluksayan, and from there I went to Zamboanga."

SHE smiled as she said, "It would not have been so bad if all of those men had not been killed. I feel so ashamed when I think of that. I knew all the time that we would lose, as soon as Tahil and the other nobles took up arms. And now, except for what these people voluntarily give me, I am here with no money, no home, and no position. They have been very kind to me."

During dinner we had to assure our Mohammedan guests that none of our food contained the defiling grease or fat of pigs before they would touch anything. Later we sat on the deck in the white moonlight and listened to the Princess tell more

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of her experiences. As she seemed to want to relieve her troubled mind, we rarely interrupted. Her story was like a page out of the history of her people — a history that began to be stifled with the coming of the Spaniards three and a half centuries before. A glorious past and a thrilling heritage of piracy, raids, and frequent wars, of adventurous expeditions in great fleets of many colored sails, of heroic deeds and savage brutality, of the slaughter of male captives and of triumphant homecomings with female slaves for the harems of the admirals and the nobles. It was little wonder that Tarhata and Tahil had cast their position to the winds and staked all on that one big gamble. The blood of centuries of freebooters and soldiers was too deep in their veins to allow them to forget intrigue and war.

LATER Tarhata asked us if we would like to see a Moro wedding. Except where they have paid to see a more or less staged affair near Zamboanga, few Christians have had such an opportunity, so we promptly accepted the invitation. The wedding was being paid for by the same wealthy widow, Julia, who smilingly replied, "Good morning," when we told her that we thought she was most kind.

We all went ashore and, after a short walk, reached the house where most of the older guests were already assembled. It was a wooden building which had as its chief feature the customary large combined living-bed-dining room. One side of the room was occupied by four great beds covered with bright cloths of red, green, white, and yellow stripes and many large cylindrically shaped pillows. We were told that when a man of wealth had several wives, each had her own bed which he shared as he saw fit. Since the first wife had the final decision in all arguments, jealously between the women of such a household did not exist. The upper part of the walls of the room were hung with great valances of brightly colored cloth, the lower part with texts and finely illuminated pages from the Koran, old colored drawings of the Kaaba stone at Mecca, and various scenes from the life of the Prophet. The floors were covered with beautiful hand-woven Moro mats. Krises, barongs, campilans, and a few small old brass lantakas completed the decorations.

OUR hostess gave us the choice between acting as formal guests or as Mohammedan guests of honor. Naturally we accepted the latter. After removing our shoes, we were seated on the largest of the beds, Tarhata sitting cross legged beside us to explain the proceedings. In a short while a great racket of clashing cymbals and singing began outside the house. All of the guests stepped back to the walls, and the bride and her party entered. She was dressed in cloth of silver and brilliant pink silk, and wore an intricate gold and silver headdress which was strongly reminiscent in design of those worn by Chinese actors — an apparent heritage of the trading that the Moros carried on with the coasts of Cathay long before the days of Spanish explorations. She had lacquered and powdered her face to a dead white, and had painted spots of

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black on her forehead, chin, and cheeks. Two of her male relatives carried her into a screened compartment in a corner of the room. Her attendants, younger girls who were dressed in a similar though less elaborate fashion, accompanied her to help in the improvement of her make-up and costume.

Shortly after, as the party of the groom approached, we were startled by loud shouting and the firing of old-fashioned pistols and guns. Led by the bridegroom, who wore a long cloak of yellow silk and a turban of red, white, and green, a noisy crowd of young men jostled into the house. The future husband seated himself cross legged on a low divan or dais in the centre of one side of the room. As it was considered a sign of weakness for him to show any facial expression whatever, he sat utterly impassive and still. However, during the next half hour his friends spent their entire time in hurling filthy remarks at him and in shouting out obscenely suggestive jokes. I thought he stood the ordeal remarkably well.

THEN while cakes and more cocoanut milk were served to us, the bride's party set up a terrific uproar of song from her cabinet. The loud clamor of the women's singing sounded very Chinese to me, and when I asked about it, Tarhata said that it was probably another reminder of the ancient trade routes. In this same connection, though the various Moro dialects are in general a combination of Arabic and Malay, practically all of their numerals and many of their commercial words are of distinctly Chinese origin and character. Their writing is a form of Sanskrit, resembling that used by the Arabs nearly a thousand years ago.

The old men squatted on the floor around the groom, and after several long incantations and prayers, imparted to him a great amount of instruction concerning his husbandly duties. Later the old women took a fling at him in matters of a similar character. Throughout this long drawn out proceeding he showed absolutely no sign of life, not even so much as raising an eyelid.

IN THE midst of loud shouting and singing, the bride was carried out and seated beside her mate. By the rules of etiquette she too was required to maintain a stony passive silence. Again the *imaum*, or priest, and the old *hadjis* squatted around the dais, and invoked the good will of Allah in a low monotonous singsong. Between prayers they gave full reign to their various ideas of humor, calling out the embarassing and slightly obscene remarks that seem to be the special privilege of the aged the world over. Each burst of wit was received by the guests with roars of laughter. I might add that most of them, when translated into English, were really a bit shocking. Everyone but the two principals seemed to be having a most hilarious time. Occasionally the women burst into a monotonous rasping song of interminable length.

The *imaum* called for silence, and taking an Arabic copy of the Koran from his robe, read the first part of the marriage litany. During the reading he made a mistake and, much to the mirth of the guests, had to begin all over again. After he had finished he placed the bride's right

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hand in that of the groom, touched a kris to the forehead of each to symbolize that they were thus sworn to fight with, and never under any circumstances against, each other's families, and then led them into the screened compartment to complete the ceremony. For about ten minutes he and two of the old women muttered something in a low tone, and then the newly married husband and wife reappeared and once more seated themselves on the low divan.

TARHATA told us that our hostess wanted us to chew betel nut which she would prepare, thus signifying her pleasure at our presence and her desire that we would some day return to her house where we should always feel at home. By accepting her offer we would be courteously symbolizing a reciprocal feeling. So Julia prepared the nut, powdered lime, and mulberry leaves for each of us, gave us blue glass bowls in which to spit, and we proceeded in a very amateurish way to chew the acrid tasting mixture.

The priest called for silence to lead the entire party in prayer. By following his lead in bowing and the movements of his hands we would be praying "in Mohammedan." Before this I had always thought that the followers of Allah were very strict in such matters, but apparently these people had a broader or more careless outlook. While the other guests grinned at our awkwardness, we touched our heads to the floor and raised our hands to Allah in an attempt at the approved fashion, going through the prayer for the happiness and success of the bride and groom. As it was now getting late, we shook hands with the groom, and then I asked if I might kiss the bride in the American fashion.

"My God, no," Tarhata cried. "Even I could not keep them from you if you touched her. The person of a Moro girl is considered sacred to unbelievers until after she has known a man."

"Well, how do I know that she has not?" I asked.

Tarhata laughed. "How do I know, either?" she replied.

Accompanied by the Princess, our widowed hostess, and several servants, we started back to the launch. When we reached the white beach they offered the hind leg of a young cow — hair, skin, hoof, and all — as a parting gift. When we expressed our appreciation to the old widow, for the first time she correctly replied, "Thank you." Then she said in her own language, "Do not fail to come back."

WE MADE our farewells to Tarhata and pushed off in the small boat. For some unaccountable reason I felt almost like a deserter as the oars dipped into the water — leaving her alone and in exile while we sailed away to other larger worlds.

We weighed anchor and then slowly pulled away from the beautiful little island of Tulayan — Tarhata, princess of the Sultanate of Sulu, standing slim and erect as she waved from the moon drenched coral beach.

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What Price Travel?

By Wallace Irwin

In our Age of Innocence it was customary to give the parson his Sabbatical year of travel, usually to the Holy Land; and because there were few sophisticates among us, we anticipated the good man's return with stereopticon slides and a chatty lecture on My Experiences in Jerusalem. Myself a boy, in the days when Colorado was becoming Middle-Western, I lived through at least three ministerial travelogues and enjoyed every foot of his magic lantern views. The camels, hand-painted to a brilliant pink, the arsenic-green date palms with sky-blue Arabs resting below in the frozen stillness of photography offered me the charming madness of Haroun. And our clergyman's dramatic barytone — he had been educated in the school of Junius Brutus Booth — stirred in me both an admiration and an envy for the distinguished gentleman who had gone so far and seen so much.

There were many like me then, I think. Travel had not grown from an adventure into an industry. We had not even learned that the cañons of Arizona and Utah, cleft by the gods, were anything much to see; Mark Twain's gibes, aimed at Rhenish castles and the Pullman car construction of the German language, had not discouraged our belief that Bagdad, Utopia, Never-Never Land, lay over yonder. We were not movie conscious, talkie conscious, television conscious. Distance was still something for demigods to span. We were back in the Early Edison Period, when safety bicycles were looked upon as a dangerous innovation. To a certain extent we were Tudor people, letting imagination replace scenery, as Shakespeare's words defied stage-carpenters.

The Spirit of Transit has, more than any other divinity, promoted neighborliness on our planet. The local plumber of Setauket, Long Island — where I live the major part of the year — counts his winter lost unless he can grease the family jitney and head south or west for Miami or Hollywood, to work or loaf as becomes his mood. Why not? His more prosperous brethren spend December in Cairo or Madeira or Shanghai. And the stay-at-homes, detained by mortgages or a death in the family, can enjoy the temple dances of Nikko, Peking's Day of Perfect Brightness, the New Orleans Mardi gras, in the care-free fifty-cent seats of the local movie house.

A few years ago at Benares I had the wanderer's luck of coming upon the sacred Ganges on the night of a

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lunar eclipse. Because there were over five million pilgrims gathered on the steep *ghats* along the river bank to implore the fading moon to return from the clutches of Bloody Durgha, I was gratified to feel that my party was not at all the "tourist element," but a few wandering Americans being surprised with a miracle. We saw the prayers of millions bring the fainting moon back to life, we heard the cries of fanatics, happy to drown in the blessed stream; and when it was over we beheld countless white-clad pilgrims pouring back across the moonlit fields of Hind to travel afoot for days, to fall at last at the gates of their home temples and tell how the heavens had opened and Siva himself had spoken. "For my eyes have seen it and my heart has heard."

DURING the whole spectacle — it lasted from eight in the evening to eleven at night — I stood there steeped in the beefy calm of the Nordic. But just the same, glimpses of the sky where the moon had taken on a sickly, bluish yellow, glimpses of a multitude which seemed to float like robed angels in the mingled smoke of sandalwood and aloes, cheated me into the belief that somewhere up there behind the starry mystery golden goddesses with a thousand arms were juggling destiny against the force of our pitiful human prayers.

Then it was over. We went back to a solid concrete Mission Spanish hotel. We were hungry. We voted for ale and scrambled eggs — curried eggs preferably. On the wide arched veranda, very like Pasadena at its calmest, a little cross-eyed fakir squatted on the mats. His assistant addressed us in Babu English. Would their lordships and ladyships enjoy to see magic? Peculiar magic in India. Yes, sirs and ladies. Only this great yogi could make it for American people. Two rupees a seat, thank you, very cheap tonight.

BEHIND the little man on the mats sat jugs and baskets and fiddles and alarm-clocks — the junk-heap of the psychic world. Cross-eyed, cross-legged, our fakir motioned us to our two rupee chairs. He waited an instant for his assistant to collect the money and see that it was all there. Then his wand began beating time, hypnotically, rhythmically, before our eyes. He was making a sound, clucketty-cluck-cluck. A fairly large snake crawled across his lap. He clapped his hands. It disappeared. He did the sort of card-tricks anyone can do, perhaps. Then the alarm-clock obeyed his command, rolled over, pointed the time, rang.

Fairly good for any parlor entertainment. But our fakir was warming up. From his bag of tricks he brought out a terra cotta saucer — the geranium-pot type — and a soft, black eyebrow-pencil such as actors use. "Lady write name of dear one on that saucer," he commanded; so my wife, in her very characteristic hand, scribbled "Donny." The fakir broke his saucer into a thousand bits, wrapped the fragments in a handkerchief, pulverized them against the stones. Then he untied the bandanna and poured the brick-red dust into the hand of a Mr. Hutchinson, sitting next to me. "Close hand tight!" His wand was waving under our noses to his monotonous clucketty-cluck-cluck. Then, "Open hand!

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Throw away!" And on Mr. Hutchinson's open palm appeared the name "Donny", in my wife's handwriting, registered in reverse, as you'll get the impression from a rubber stamp or a line of type.

WONDERFUL, of course; yet when you expect a wonder and get it that's something of an anticlimax. Now the magician wanted me to hold a small grass-woven lid which he had removed from one of his baskets; it was very porous, you could see the light through its meshes. Out of his very tight duck tunic he had brought three little feathers, tied together. "That my chicky," he said, laying the trifle down on the mat. "Now, sahib, you cover it with basket-top. And watch him grow." I held the flimsy lid tight down over the feathers. Cluck-etty-cluck, the wand was waving again. "Now lift him up quick!" The far, faint voice of our fakir. I jerked up the lid and saw what had grown under it in three minutes. Thirteen newly hatched baby pheasants, some of them with fragments of shell still clinging to their wings.

Of course that's India, Oh, wondrous land! Before going to bed I added a rupee to the fakir's tip and told him that he'd make a sensation if he ever came to America. "Oh, America, I tried that," said the holy man. "I work two years at Coney Island. Everybody like that trick pretty good there."

This may prove only two things; the smallness of the world and the futility of human endeavor. The Oriental spends his generations learning to do the useless thing superbly. Western common sense, sodden and static, enjoys the critical privilege. Some of us remember a story of Alexander the Great; how an Egyptian mage knelt at the golden throne and begged to demonstrate a miracle. After a lifetime of study, he said, he had learned how to balance six peas on the point of a needle. "Wonderful!" cried the conqueror of the world when he saw it done. "Treasurer, reward this genius according to his merit. Give him a paper of needles and a peck of peas!"

ALEXANDER was over sophisticated, and he died young. The world today seems to be a little like that. Travel is cheap and plenty. When a voyager has been to Ultima Thule and back he is not supposed to chat about it as Marco Polo did when he returned to Venice with the jewels of Cathay in his waistcoat pocket. On the Isle of Mbequa, Fiji, I saw savage priests walk barefoot and unharmed over a pit of live coals. Few white men had witnessed this marvel of its native soil, so I came back to New York, an Ancient Mariner with a message. I saved my story for a very nice dinner-party at Greenwich, where the blonde girl on my left expected me to entertain her during the fish course.

"You travel, don't you?" she asked invitingly. "To the South Sea Islands," I boasted. "How thrilling!" she rippled; "do tell me." "They have a tribe of magicians there," I ventured. "How thrilling!" she rippled again; "and what can they do?" "They walk on fire with their bare feet — " "Oh, those people!" she cut me off. "They live on the Isle of Mbequa, don't they? I saw them in the movies last week.

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Thrilling, isn't it?" And she turned her attention to the beetle-browed Apollo on her left; he knew Bobbie Jones, so what chance had I?

But such things are retroactive. If the world has grown so small that both Poles look alike to the man who flies over them, it is satisfying to think that we also look alike to the Poles. In the romantic 'Seventies, when adventurous sailormen risked their lives to loot the sandalwood forests of Fiji, their coming was an event to the lurking savages, who anticipated the delights of war and a change of diet. Today the shock-haired Fijian meets all the boats docking at Suva and pleads for a chance to carry your baggage up to the local tourist hotel.

THE hereditary King of the Cannibal Islands entertained us at Mbau, his ancient capital; there, nearly sixty years ago, his grandfather, the bloody Thackembau, mingled fear with generosity and gave his five hundred islands as a birthday present to Queen Victoria. The present monarch, Ratu Popé Epeli Senilola, showed me plainly how this rapid-speeding world is bringing us all into the same Main Street. Down to his waist he dresses like any European gentleman with a taste for sports coats and blue collars. From waist to knee he wears a white petticoat with rick-rack edging; his legs and feet are savagely unclad. He speaks with an Oxford accent, fancies Havana cigars and enjoys the ins and outs of world politics.

One afternoon, as we lolled in the shadow of a breadfruit tree, I tried to impress him with the grandeurs of New York City. He was wildly interested and expressed a regret that he couldn't go so far; the laws of his tribe forbade it. I was going to tell him about the Woolworth Building, but found him informing me on modern steel construction. The Woolworth, he pointed out, wasn't New York's tallest tower; he gave rather an accurate description of the Chrysler peak. He knew about the Hudson Tube, too, and the Hell Gate Bridge.

"You see," he explained in his deprecatory way, "we're in direct communication with San Francisco down here. And Vancouver. Its rather a hobby of mine, subscribing to newspapers and periodicals. One has so much time to read in these out of the way places, hasn't one? Yo-hum!"

LESS than an hour before this he had shown me the wreck of his grandfather's heathen temple and the awful Stone of Sacrifice where, in the unchastened 'Seventies, captive warriors were neatly done to death. There were no steamship agencies in those days, and Thackembau entertained according to the traditions of his people, with no prophetic view of a future when his grandson would be lolling on the strand, in engaging conversation with American tourists.

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Tan in February

By James Noble Gifford

A Palm Beach Idyll

What good American hasn't a passionate desire to step off a train at the Pennsylvania Station one day in late February with a mahogany tan topped by a shining straw hat? And of course there will be a snowstorm raging outside. Truly lyric ecstasy. I know a man who reached New York with so bad a case of sunburn that he had to go to a hotel and summon a doctor. He has never ceased talking of that great moment in his life. "It hurt terribly, but it was worth it."

If such is your desire, Palm Beach will not disappoint you. It has the loveliest surf to swim in, clean and warm as a Bar Harbor disillusion. It has a long stretch of white sand, with always a palm tree in sight reaching up toward a blue sky. Truly Palm Beach owes everything to the ocean, for that benign monster first wrecked a great freighter loaded with coconuts and then floated them ashore and distributed them nicely. But even with a whole ocean to choose from, people will instinctively group themselves. All the world bathes in one of four places, and as they bathe so are they.

First, or last, is a common Coney Islandish sort of bathing place, chummily called Gus's, where mere humanity swims; and incidentally it is the only spot where the heavy hand of America's one hundred and twenty millions touches the sacred palm-fringed waterfront. Gus is the shining Scandinavian Sir Galahad of the town of West Palm Beach, a small city separated from its haughty neighbor by a small, narrow sheet of water, which is socially far wider and deeper than the Pacific Ocean. He first gave his fellow citizens a bathing place, and since has kept it for them in spite of bribes and threats. Periodically there is a rumor that he has been bought out and the ocean is closed to the local people, but always the rumor turns out to be false.

It is almost as disastrous to be a Floridian in Florida as to be a Haitian in Haiti. In fact, the principal qualification for admission to a famous club which has caused Palm Beach to be likened to Monte Carlo is that one must not be a resident of the State of Florida. A young man of rather drunken, noisy manner was put out one night, and the reason given was not disorderly conduct but the far more unforgivable sin of being a resident. Yet, even so, Florida continues to gain wealthy residents. In fact, States which guarantee never to impose an income or inheritance

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tax have a vital appeal to the very rich.

But naturally no one would wish to bathe at Palm Beach in an atmosphere of hot dogs, pop bottles, and a large number of simple souls who naïvely look upon the ocean as an effective place in which to get clean as well as bathe in the more accustomed manner, so we must drive swiftly past with closed eyes and bated breath to the Casino, where bathe the merely rich, who stop at the great hotels which are so expensive that you instinctively feel you must be getting somewhere. Yet it is only a delusion, for at the hotels you stop in the truest sense of the word. You have the climate, to be sure, and it is a glory of warm sunshine, balmy breezes, and languorous nights of star-glittering or moon-flooded beauty, but you might also have it for a fraction of the cost. There is only one great distinction. When bathing at the hotel beach, women must wear stockings and these must be dark. A handsome lifeguard carries a color chart which indicates graphically what is and what is not modest.

Between the two pavilions is a club beach where resort eminent politicians, theatrical producers, cinema actresses, popular writers, musicians, *et al.* Also many others who have houses and have tried to rest on the warm social bosom of the place but have never gone beyond the cold shoulder. Yet reporters are always present to take pictures for the home town papers, and so all is not quite lost. On the sands of the Sea Spray Club you know you haven't penetrated the inner circle, but you may convince those back home that you have, and assuredly, the next best thing to having what you want is to make others think you have it.

And finally, the Bath and Tennis Club. A beautiful place, shut off from the road with cloistered security, and yet put right on the road, too, because there would certainly be no point in being exclusive if no one knew you were. In fact, most of the houses in Palm Beach are so laid out that the rest of the world may drive past every night and look in where they may never go. Very few Palm Beach lights are hidden under bushels. Private life is rather public, but public life is very private, which is after all quite in line with our traditions. Anyone would rather hear that a beautiful opera singer had false teeth than that she had just triumphantly created a new rôle. We thrive on intimacies.

But once inside the citadel, one finds the club name a very good one. Tennis is played in bathing suits, and I for one can not imagine wanting to play it in Florida in any other costume. For one must always bear in mind that Palm Beach has no winter, no frost. It has a long "dead" season when things grow faster, but that is all. It may well be summed up in two seasons — summer with mosquitoes and summer without. If you've sometimes yearned for summer without mosquitoes or flies, just remember it is waiting for you in southern Florida any winter.

All of the three bathing places have one thing in common, anyway — a "Browning Club." Yet be assailed

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by no fears of a reading from *Rabbi Ben Ezra* or *My Last Duchess*. Your greatest ignorance of these could not surpass the club standard. Palm Beach is a literal place, and "Browning" means to get brown. Nowhere on earth is a dusky mulatto color of skin more fashionable. Among men, at least, it must be all over. It is lovely to lie toasting in the sun and dream sleepily. The experts are good for several hours a day. There is a gentle stir of air to keep you just cool enough. It takes time, but then time is so plentiful, especially during the day, and every fifteen minutes of sunshine repairs the damage of an extra cocktail or highball; so after two or three hours one has quite a headstart on an enjoyable evening. Then, too, you can catch up on sleep without the disgrace of going to bed, and later in the evening line up with Napoleon and Edison and the others who have found three hours sleep at night quite sufficient. And what if you are lying on boards? That helps keep the waistline down, especially if you roll a little. And when you're tanned you look healthy, which is almost as good as being healthy.

SEEMINGLY a great deal about bathing places; but where you swim marks you socially. What is still more important is when. To be seen on the sands after two in the afternoon is to be taken for a servant or a tourist — the latter a much lower category, of course. The ocean may lure you on a hot afternoon, but the temptation must be fought down. There is only a greater mistake socially, and that is to appear in the dining room of your hotel. The dining rooms are beautiful places, but they are shoals of destruction, and pretty waitresses are but sirens to lure you on to doom. Don't tell me you've paid for your meals, because I know you have and heavily, too; but if you can't wangle an invitation or a club membership, either eat in your room or cross the Styx to West Palm Beach and eat in a lunch wagon. That would of course come under the head of slumming, and so be quite proper. The same advice applies even to those who care nothing for social position or the waistline, and who love good food and would rather have a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen than a Rembrandt in the drawing-room. The clubs have splendid chefs, and pompano, the king of fishes, is at home here.

AND there is golf, very fine golf indeed, on a number of splendid courses. There is a hotel course. There is a Country Club course, which captures the greatest elevation in Palm Beach, about twenty feet above the sea — quite startling for southern Florida, and the children ride down it on bicycles for excitement. Then the Everglades Club course, which sprawls its velvety length on the spot where there was a real bit of true Florida jungle a few years ago, and along the dim, winding road cut through it dear old ladies and gentlemen used to be pedaled in wheelchairs, their hearts uplifted with the terrifying thrill of tropical exploration. When you dance in the sumptuous orange gardens of the Everglades Club to the pulsing rhythm of a fine orchestra, you may enjoy being only a few years removed from the alligators that lay still and terrible as fate on

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the mud bank it was then. And seventeen miles away to the south the Gulf Stream Club, with one of America's finest courses, a club house with an unequalled ocean view.

I KNEW I wouldn't be able to keep from the stock market very long, at least to keep from speaking of it. At Palm Beach men play golf, play at swimming, and play the stock market. There are times one is almost tempted to say they play with the stock market, so great is their power, or at least the power of the money which they represent. A number of brokers maintain good sized offices; the board is in evidence, and anyone who wishes may stand in the hospitably open doorway and watch the magic numbers spelling fortune or ruin. Who wishes to look may look. It is only another instance of the open-air, come-have-a-look attitude of mind of the place.

And then comes tea-time. Tea, or what is served in place of it, is important in Palm Beach. It is served rather late, and as swimming, golfing and stock buying are done, men are available to women for the first time of the day. They have moved in a masculine world all day as much as they would have done at home in the North, but now they are willing to succumb to women's charms. And the women are charming. They dress beautifully, they are all smiles, they entertain in clubs and even hotels, where there is sure to be dance music. Then they settle down in brilliant, colorful groups about the dance floor and the men proceed to enjoy themselves.

It is a strange fact, but most men like to dance up to the age of twenty-five, hate it from then to fifty, and yearn for it madly from fifty to seventy-five, and beyond. Women of all ages are at Palm Beach, and generally a bit lovelier than one might find anywhere else. The soft, languorous climate aids them, and wonderful clothes and, of course, the necessity of looking one's best. But men at Palm Beach, if they are under fifty, are usually under fifteen as well. So they love to dance and they get their wish. Their sport shoes are probably soiled, their shirts rumpled, and they are in golf clothes, but of men there are no others; so every day some stranger remarks, "I never saw such funny looking men dancing with such stunning girls." But I always see the explanation. There is a law of supply and demand which may not be suspended even in a social world.

NIGHT falls swiftly; tea parties finish up under soft colored lights, and the guests depart; the stars glitter diamond-like overhead, and the warm golden lights of yachts float on the mirror-still waters of Lake Worth. With the darkness, rich odors flood the air, night-blooming jasmine, cereus, orange blossoms. The coconut trees lining the streets fling their rapturous arms out to welcome the moon, and when it floods out its golden lights the green fronds are changed to liquid silver and rustle against each other like the silken patter of spring rain. The soft breeze blows from the ocean, always from the ocean, on which the moonpath leads away into dreamland and ecstasy. Stand on the shore watching a few minutes, and there will be salt on your lips. It is no

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wonder that no one in Palm Beach wants to go to bed, or that social life centres about dinner and a late one at that. By dinner time women have a firm grip on affairs, and women always run social life much better than men. They know how to order things. They know men like to eat and they give good dinners, and they know men like to play bridge and so there is always bridge. The god of chance was very good when it gave bridge to a tired social world that had forgotten how to talk and in which, divorce having become easy, daring love affairs went out of style. As far as is known, playing bridge is the only thing in the world a successful man would rather do with an older woman than with a younger one. An old man may willingly present a beautiful young woman with a diamond bracelet, but he would refuse indignantly to pay for her overbidding a hand.

IT IS at night that Palm Beach begins really to glitter, and certainly in no place on earth do women wear more splendid jewels or wear them more recklessly. At a gala dinner at the Everglades Club, for example, one wonders just how many millions of dollars are represented suspended from throats, clasping slim and not so slim arms, and resting on bosoms and fingers. It is a sight to make Haroun al Raschid rub his eyes and wonder. It is the clearest indication we have of the extraordinary wealth of America. Factories, mines, shipyards, oil wells, all the immensity of American industry, are here represented. No wonder Palm Beach social news appears in every important paper in the country. Palm Beach represents America as Pompeii represented Rome — the choice of the largest group of those favored by fortune.

PALM BEACH becomes its most distinctive self when entertaining at home. The houses are ideal for that purpose, and indeed many are indifferent places to live in. The leading architect a few years ago built himself a lovely place without even a bathroom. Of course everything in that place is Spanish in style, but there is such a thing as carrying realism too far. In another house he entirely forgot linen closets. But all the big houses have magnificent reception rooms. As all entertaining centres about dinner, the dining rooms are splendid. Monasteries are denuded to supply refectory tables, draperies, old high-backed chairs and what not. Floors are torn up and walls torn down to be brought over piece by piece. The climax was reached when a man had a kind of chapel built to dine in (yes, dining has become a sort of religion) and even had an altar with lighted candles!

But naturally the system of entertaining at home leads inevitably to exclusion and heartache. No longer can one just build a huge, extravagant house, fling invitations broadcast, and crash boldly into the inner circle. Even the most lavish entertainment can no longer attract merely for itself. One woman I know found that out. She gave parties of Hollywood splendor. She bombarded all the most exclusive people with invitations, and refused to be snubbed. She drew together a curious motley throng of outsiders,

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some being sufficiently such to pocket stray ornaments, jewelled cigarette lighters and the like. A man was pushed through a great plate glass window and was rushed to the hospital in a dying condition, but the festivities went on. Policemen on the Ocean Boulevard were said to have sold champagne which they had commandeered from the butler. A few days later I had a talk with the lady. She said, "I know what people are saying about me. How could I help but know? Yet they are wrong. All I want is a few friends. I have no friends in my lonesome life, and I want them so badly. I suppose I have gone about it in a wrong manner, but I don't know any other way." I felt terribly sorry for her that day and still do. She is ceaselessly assaulting the high places and she is still unsuccessful. I can not believe she is any happier.

But as at the centre of the hurricane there are peace and quietness, so at the centre of the Palm Beach social whirlpool there are dignity and rest. Quiet dinners, games of bridge, golf in the morning. A little stodgy perhaps, a little dull without a doubt, but restful. There are even houses where no drinks are served, and than that, nothing could be more incredible. One lady explains as you are offered whiskey that it is inherited and so quite legal. And this group have established a private swimming pool at Gus's Coney Islandish bathing place, even as a similar New York group went into what was then a slum to found Sutton Place.

It is this group which holds the place together. They stay sometimes three, sometimes four months. They bring their children down, and are quite apt to bundle them into a car and go far up or down the beach for a picnic. The host may doze off a little after dinner, though no one would dream of observing the fact. Into this group the hectic social climber desires to push herself, and how miserable she would be if she succeeded!

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Exit the Windjammer

By Tom White

But the Romance of Sailing Ships Will Never Die

The last of the covered wagons of the deep, America's sky-raking squadron that carried the Yankee flag to every world port — the breed of ships that played a more important part in the development of the West Coast than did their contemporaries, the prairie schooners — the last of the white-winged freighters has been warped into her berth to join her seven idle sisters.

Early last autumn this ship, the *Star of Alaska*, appeared off the Golden Gate, homeward-bound; but on this, her last cruise, everything had been different; not a man had gone aloft to set or furl a sail; during the entire passage Captain Peterson had not once taken his customary noonday shot at the sun, and here they were going in through The Heads without stopping to pass a line to the waiting tug. These strange circumstances are explained by the fact that the big windjammer was already under tow. She had made her return passage as she had her outward-bound run, following along docilely in the wake of a towboat.

This is in sharp contrast with the picture of the same ship when, as late as 1916, she set sail with thirty other tall windjammers of the same fleet, the largest body of active square-riggers in the world. But now the ranks of the Star Fleet are sadly depleted. Eight of the sail-driven carriers are all that remain, while in an adjoining basin lie four hulking steamers — vessels that hold three times the cargo, and can make from two to four trips between San Francisco and Alaska while the sailing-ship is making one.

What happened to the others? Some few have been lost; many have had their wide-flung yards sent down and tall masts cut off at the deck so they might better serve to carry coal, sand and cement; a few have found their way into the shipwrecker's hands; one is now serving as a nautical museum, another as a training-ship under Swedish colors, while the balance have joined "the Hollywood navy" to carry on in celluloid some of the picturesque rôles they played when work was a grim reality and survival itself often in doubt.

The history of the *Star of Alaska* is typical of any one of the thousand or so other windjammers idling away their declining years at long deserted

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wharves or rotting and rusting in the backwaters of isolated coves. This 44-year old daughter of Neptune has carried more than one name; been driven ashore, hauled off, repaired and recommissioned; she has weathered the fierce gales of the tropics that have laid many a steamer over on her beam ends; and like countless others of her kind, she has made crack passages. Incidentally, in 1917 this vessel made the run from Chignik Bay to San Francisco in nine days, the equivalent of her running time on her farewell passage behind a towboat.

Two years ago this tall packet broke into print when she defeated one of her sisters, the bark *Star of England*, in a deep-sea sailing classic — the last of its kind.

It seemed that Cap'n Martin Mortensen, then commanding the *Alaska*, had let it become known that his ship was the fastest in the fleet and always had been, and what was more he stood ready to back up his claim with a month's pay. In time, Cap'n Charles Wiese of the *England* heard of the challenge, and the bet was on. Both vessels sailed from San Francisco on the same day and the same tide, both bound for the North by way of Chirikof Island, an 1,800-mile course. After tacking and wearing in the face of head winds, but occasionally catching a vagrant fair breeze, the *Star of England* raised Chirikof twelve days after her fleet-footed rival had passed the island.

This instance is cited to indicate how the human element enters into the matter of handling ships of the same relative size, over the same course and at the same time of the year. Each skipper hunted for a fair wind where he was accustomed to finding it; but at that, the choice of routes was largely a matter of guesswork. Except in the case of trade winds, a fair breeze is seldom found in the same place twice, which many a captain has learned to his discomfort.

It is safe to say that the old windjammer, once the undisputed mistress of blue water, has defeated herself. Dependent as she was on the vagaries of a breeze that might blow from any one of the thirty-two points of the compass, it is plain that much valuable time and many tempting charters have been lost by reason of head winds, or no wind at all for days at a time. Annals of the old winged freighters are replete with tales of long drawn out passages when ships have been posted as overdue — even lost — only to have such reports contradicted when these ships unexpectedly turned up, bearing unmistakable evidence of long battles with the elements, while their crews were half starved, frequently in open mutiny.

There are three places in the world that the old time, deep water sailor dreaded and cursed: Cape Hatteras, the Bay of Biscay and Cape Horn. Sea chanteys, working songs of the man before the mast, dealt profusely and profanely, and perhaps rightly so, with these unhappy localities, the shores of which are even today scattered with the bleached remains of proud ships gone wrong. Of the three, Cape Horn justly claims the dubious honor of having broken the hearts of more good sailors and

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the backs of more good ships than the other two. It is fitting and proper, then, that the Horn should have been involved in what is known as the longest interocean passage on record, excepting that of the Flying Dutchman who is still trying to get around into the Pacific.

Laurels for having achieved the longest Cape Horn passage unquestionably belong to the Bath-built, four-masted bark *Edward Sewall*, now the *Star of Shetland*. Although the commanders of any one of her trade rivals stood ready to concede such doubtful honors, this vessel nevertheless will go down in history as having made a 293-day passage from Bahia Blanca to Seattle. Back of this ten months' ordeal there looms a stark tale of partial dismasting, near mutiny and countless days when the big four-master lay close-hauled as she shipped green water over her battered bulwarks and grim faced men watched her weary struggle against a seemingly endless head wind. It would be illuminating were the figures available to indicate how many times, in actual mileage covered, this ship sailed off the distance on a direct line between the two ports.

In vivid contrast with this unique record stands that of the six-masted barkentine *City of Sydney*, famous West Coast sailing ship and one of the fastest things under canvas that ever sailed the Pacific. The strange thing about this ship was that after she had reigned supreme as queen of the fleet of the old Pacific Mail Steamship Company, she made her second début — this time as a windjammer — only to wrest the speed laurels from this class of vessels, as well.

The *City of Sydney* was built at Chester, Penn., in 1875, and was an iron vessel 339 feet long, measuring 3,000 gross tons. When she steamed through the Golden Gate on her maiden voyage, half of San Francisco lined the waterfront to pay homage to the Queen of the Pacific.

For upward of twenty years, monarchs, princes and ambassadors from every land vied for accommodations on this steamer. With the flight of years she lost prestige, and finally the day came when her ancient boilers were considered unsafe. To equip her with new boilers meant a tremendous outlay, so she was decommissioned. At the outbreak of the World War, when ships of any age, type or dimension were at a premium and owners could dictate their own terms, the *City of Sydney* changed hands. Once more she ventured out into blue water, this time under canvas. Her skipper was anxious to know what she could do as a windjammer, and he soon found out. In a moderate breeze she logged fourteen and fifteen knots, and when the wind freshened she stepped along at a sixteen knot clip, or somewhat better than eighteen statute miles an hour! Clean-limbed and with sharp lines forward and aft, she dragged no dead water in her wake, which of course added to her handling qualities. In the words of Gus Eklund, her one time commander, "A child could steer her; all she needed was a spoke one way or the other."

She became so well known through her ability to step out and pass everything except the fastest mailboats,

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that Count von Luckner, picturesque wartime raider who caused devastating inroads on Allied shipping in the South Pacific, apparently made no premeditated attempt to capture her. But one evening, just before sundown, the officer on watch spied von Luckner's *Seeadler*, which was doubtless a mutual surprise. Each skipper altered his course to get the most out of his vessel; but it was only too plain from the outset that the German, heavily canvassed as she was, was a poor match for the galloping Yankee windjammer. As he paced his quarter-deck and watched the lofty barkentine fade out of sight below the far horizon, von Luckner must have felt he had suffered a double loss. Had he been able to transfer his command to the other vessel, there is no telling how much longer he might have continued in his rôle of maritime marauder.

Like many other ships of her day, the *City of Sydney* was built of iron. Numerous advantages were gained with the advent of this type of hull construction, chief of which was "a tighter bottom," which meant doing away with the daily drudge of "pumping her out." Iron never entirely supplanted wood, but it did pave the way for the steel ship era. When steel came into general use it soon found its way into the shipyards. As far as marine work was concerned, steel possessed no structural advantage over iron; it was accepted because it was cheaper.

THERE are still a few old sailing vessels that are literally being kicked from pillar to post, whose hulls are made of pure iron; and the amazing thing about these ships is that the years slip off their battered sides like the tiny waves of a tide-rip: age means nothing to a pure iron hull. So when the *City of Sydney* gave up the ghost a year ago, as the flames licked at her weathered masts and spars and ate away her wooden decks, metal salvagers lost no time tearing out her stalwart plates and feeding them to the melting furnace.

IT MAY be significant that the so-called debunker of today has maintained a "hands off" policy with regard to the mariners of the past. One likely reason is that no matter what he might attempt to debunk, the truth would still be a full step ahead of him; another reason, the sailor has ever been utterly incomprehensible to the landsman; still a third is due to the dearth of reputable sea lore, this last being based largely on the old time sailor's natural reluctance to talk or write of his doings.

From well thumbed letters yellowed with age and post marked Batavia, Rio, Callao, San Francisco, Port Elizabeth, Calcutta, Liverpool and Foochow — letters treasured by the descendants of wandering mariners — have come a few paltry facts relative to actual living conditions aboard the old packets; and on one point at least they are agreed — the fo'cas'le was no more fit for a white man than was the food. Of course, there were ships and ships, but taking them by and large it was rather wonderful that Jack didn't get even drunker than he did when he returned to his home port and was paid off. Nor was it in any way remarkable that in some cases Jack had to be mauled into insensibility

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or drugged by enterprising boarding-house runners in order that some ship with a particularly bad name or especially "hard case" skipper might put to sea with a full crew.

IN THE more extreme cases such vessels were known in every world port as "hell ships with belayin' pin skippers." As it became increasingly difficult for them to sail with a full complement, it was necessary that their commanders work hand and glove with waterfront crimps, paying them from $25 to $100 a head for men, delivery to be made within an hour of sailing time, or before the men had slept off the effects of doped whiskey. These men being dumped aboard minus their seabags, they were obliged to purchase entirely new outfits of dungarees, seaboots, warm clothing, oilskins and the like. Such articles were sold through the "slop chest" by a benevolent captain at anything but benevolent prices. Such was the skipper's method of getting back the sums paid to the crimps.

On the whole, American ships were noted for being "hard case packets." But they were likewise noted for being the best feeding ships on blue water, which helped a little in the painful process of nursing a badly knuckled eye or a split scalp, and took some of the curse off the job of sugeeing-down white painted yardarms and shroud seizings in a sub-zero gale, or performing other so-called disciplinary chores. In direct contrast with Yankee ships and their bullying skippers and bucko mates, were the British ships — vessels that arrived, departed and put in their endless days at sea with far less commotion on deck and aloft. This difference was due to the regulations imposed upon British shipping by the Board of Trade, which countenanced no strong arm methods. But while American ships fought off the ravages of scurvy with as many fresh and canned foods as it was practical to carry, the Britishers put to sea with generous supplies of salt pork, salt beef, sea biscuits and rolled oats — and tea — relying entirely on the efficacy of bottled juice of the lime to overcome the ill effects of a protracted diet of this sort — hence the nickname "lime-juicers."

In spite of the fact that the history of British shipping was enlivened by no such stirring chapters as that of the American windjammer fleets — notably during the era of the true clipper ships — wind-driven carriers flying the Union Jack were just as plentiful and carried fully as much freight as their Yankee contemporaries. Likewise, the close of the British sailing-ship period coincided within a year of the date when the *Star of Alaska* concluded her active career. In November, 1929, the ship *Garthpool*, last of the sail-driven lime-juicers, piled up off the Cape Verde Islands and was lost.

THUS is *finis* written to the most picturesque chapters in the history of the world's two most powerful maritime nations. In spite of the lowering pall of smoke laid down by the plodding steamer, there are still thirty or forty tall windjammers roaming the seas, the majority of them claiming Finnish registry, the balance of the straggling ranks being made up of Germans, Frenchmen, Estonians and Swedes. These brave

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old ships were once smart packets flying the American and British flags as they bore valuable cargoes between the chief ports of the world. But now they are fortunate when they can get an occasional wheat charter from Australia to Queenstown, while most of them lug nitrate and guano between remote ports, or possibly work in the West Indian logwood trade, haul timber to South Africa or lumber and split-wood from Baltic ports to the British Isles — a class of trade which the owners of the rustiest old steam hulk in the world wouldn't touch.

THE disappearance of the sailing-ship has wrought a curious change in some of the more isolated sections of the world. For instance, on many of the islands in the South Pacific, tiny palm-crested knobs of greenery sticking up out of a blue sea, the calendar is being turned backward. In the days when thousands of winged freighters ambled leisurely on their way, many of them from four to six months out, it was customary and often imperative that they heave to and send a party ashore to trade tobacco, clothing and trinkets for vegetables, fruit, fresh meat and water. During the course of a year this happened not once, but several times, each contact leaving its imprint on the eager, friendly natives. In time, they learned some of the rudiments of civilization, although the value of many of them was highly debatable.

Nowadays, life on those islands that are not regularly visited by either tourist steamers or trading schooners, constitutes a different picture altogether, and possibly a happier one. No more do the roving windjammers pay their short, informal calls for needed supplies; and the steamers have no reason to stop, their refrigerated storerooms being well stocked with fresh food, their courses being figured out to within one day's steaming time. Living conditions on the more remote islands, then, have slipped back into the habits which prevailed before the coming of the white man.

LIFE along the world's waterfronts likewise has undergone a change. Shipping offices are frequented today by a totally different type of men — different in the sense that their calling makes fewer demands on them. The sailor of yesterday was an expert rigger, a genius with the fid and marlinspike, and one who took it all as part of the day's work to "lay aloft there, and make fast that royal," regardless of freezing weather, a crazily swinging yard, and the hissing foam a hundred and fifty feet below — all this for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, day and night, for which he received an average of $15 a month. The deck hand of today is paid at least twice as much, works only two-thirds as long, never goes aloft, would hardly recognize a fid or marlinspike if he saw one, and at mention of the word "sennit" his mind conjures up a picture of the capitol dome in Washington; but he does know his paint brush and chipping hammer. The fact is, that's all he *has* to know.

Although when measured by present day standards, the old square-rigger and its men would fail utterly to fit into today's picture, it was the sailing vessel that originally cradled this nation in its infancy.

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The Fantastic City

By Amelia R. Neville

(Edited by Virginia Brastow)

Reminiscences of the Early Days in San Francisco

On a windy day in June, 1856, we sailed through the Golden Gate, everyone on deck for the first glimpse of California. The Pacific trade wind whipped the waters, and the hills on either side were bare and brown. We had looked forward to green country after so many days at sea, not realizing that this was the dry season and that fresh greenery would come in fall and winter months to remain until summer again. Sand hills of San Francisco rolled away on our right, Telegraph Hill in bold relief at the turn of the bay shore line. Alcatraz rose high out of the water straight ahead, a rocky island fortress like a menace. It has since been graded many feet, and seems less ferociously on guard. Altogether I thought this the most forbidding place I had ever seen. Not until the ship rounded the promontory of Telegraph Hill and I saw the long wharf extended out over the shallows, with animated people waving to welcome us, did I forget my disappointment in the thrill of arrival.

The coming of a steamer from Panama meant a holiday in San Francisco. The day a vessel was due there was a pervading expectancy. All eyes turned constantly to the lookout on Telegraph Hill where a flag was run up as soon as she was sighted outside the Heads. As the ship sailed between the headlands to enter the bay, a gun was fired to announce her and the population trooped down to the wharf. That morning the wharf was crowded and we finally saw my father frantically waving his hat as hundreds of others were doing in impersonal welcome. In a few moments he was on board and in a few more we were on shore.

It was an exciting scene, full of life and good nature. Men and women stood or rushed about, called greetings or brandished papers with New York news. Some of the crowd followed bags of mail to the post office. Ramshackle conveyances gathered passengers to drive them through unpaved streets into the city, straggling up Jackson, Commercial and Sacramento Streets — to the hills beyond — twenty dollars for a "steamer load." Crude as it all was, there was something vital and strong in this queer little city, and we liked it at once.

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The street scene was endlessly diverting and the city enchanted us from the first. In spite of shanties and unpaved streets, plank sidewalks and swirling dust, and a general look of having been hurriedly thrown together, it was metropolitan. Nothing small town about it, but a touch of Old World sophistication and that charm I can not describe, a prevailing gaiety of spirit, youth in everything.

STREET crowds were a collection of types in assorted costumes. Richly gowned women in velvet cloaks or black lace shawls of Broadway fashion; well-dressed men in light trousers and Prince Albert coats who might have stepped out of the Astor House; miners like stage characters; Mexicans with scarlet sashes, striped serapes slung over the shoulder; Spanish women in long, flaring skirts of cotton print, thickly pleated; and in Washington Street where a row of Chinese shops faced the Plaza, meek looking Orientals in blue blouses padded back and forth in their soft slippers, their queues swinging behind them. Gentlemen were wearing shovel beards a great deal, and wide felt hats which they swept off with a flourish to greet a lady. I might have forgotten what the well-dressed man was wearing in 1856 if I had not lately read a letter written that year by my father's friend, Judge Shafter, to his wife in Vermont. She was sailing with her children to join him in San Francisco; he informs her that he will be at the head of the pier when the steamer arrives "clad in light pants, buff vest and snuff-colored frock coat with a broad-brimmed white sombrero."

Foreign looking sailors who swaggered up from the wharves added color to the scene, and there were many uniforms worn by officers from the military post at the Presidio, or the navy station on Mare Island, and from visiting battle ships in the harbor. I have always regretted that I did not see the young Pierre Loti when he came to San Francisco as junior officer on a French war ship arrived from Tahiti. He visited the Chinese Theatre in Washington Street and there had a gorgeous inspiration of which he has somewhere written.

The long bench in front of him held a row of solemn Chinamen absorbed in the drama while their queues hung behind them. Loti's idea was to tie the queues together, two and two, and then slip out in the darkness. He may have done so; there is no evidence to the contrary. The thought of it has always evoked for me a subsequent scene of indescribable chaos.

AFTER he came to live in San Francisco, Ward McAllister, Jr. once told me that if he walked down Kearney Street with a young lady, her social position was thereby assured; and he was quite simple and sincere about it. Ward, Jr., took his title of "the Crown Prince" a bit seriously when we bestowed it in a spirit of friendly fun, but he was a sweet and amiable soul, with none of the arrogance that made his father an implacable arbiter. The Arbiter himself had adorned the bar of San Francisco for a year or two, but before our advent had returned to what the western press liked to refer to as "the effete East."

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Ward McAllister, Jr., was a great beau, but he never married, developing, instead, into one of the perennial bachelors of the Pacific Union Club where he made his home. Of these late years I remember an incident, entirely trivial but delectably characteristic.

When he had become a famous figure of finance, Senator William A. Clark of Montana visited San Francisco and was a guest at the club. The whole country was talking of the Copper King, but Mr. McAllister, it appeared, had never heard of him, or so he wished to imply, and it amused him to tell it as much as it did me to hear it.

"I was in the lounge the other afternoon," he related, "when one of the servants whispered, 'That's Senator Clark, Sir, over there.' 'Don't know him,' I answered. There he sat, (giving a lightly scornful side glance), but *I* didn't know him."

STAGECOACH travel in the 1860's might still be enlivened by an encounter with Black Bart, poet and knight of the road, a bandit of distinguished courtesy who worked always alone and in moonlight, wearing a narrow black mask across his face. He was politeness itself to passengers, whose pockets he never rifled. The Wells Fargo treasure box was all he asked. If it was thrown out without protest the whole affair passed off pleasantly enough for everyone. Black Bart was his *nom de plume*, signed to poems pinned to trees along the roadside — gay verses of defiance after some successful robbery, occasionally a warning that he would pass that way again.

On moonlit nights while the coach rolled over mountain roads of the high Sierras the driver might turn to remark casually, "A good night for Black Bart," or "Right at that turn ahead Black Bart held the stage up last spring." One peered into the shadows of the pines, half hoping to see the figure of a man step out into the moonlight with uplifted gun. But I never saw Black Bart, although I have seen some of his poems, and have heard the story of his capture in San Francisco after a long, elusive career. Once too often he raided the Wells Fargo treasure and dropped a handkerchief near the road with the broken, discarded box. On it was a laundry mark. This the Wells Fargo detective, James Hume, traced to a San Francisco laundry and so to its owner, a quiet, scholarly gentleman who lived in a San Francisco boarding house. He was interested in mines, the landlady said, and often went on trips into the mountains.

HUME waited for him in his room one day and when he returned asked Mr. Bolton, which was the gentleman's name, if he would accompany him to a downtown office to discuss a mining deal. Mr. Bolton may have had his misgivings, but he went very readily with the stranger to discuss the deal. When they reached the entrance of the Wells Fargo Building in Sansome Street he stopped for an instant, but made no comment and turned in with his guide. They went to the office of one of the company's executives and there on a table lay an axe and a broken treasure box with its top crushed in. Mr. Bolton saw them but

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gave no sign, waiting uncertainly at the door. Hume crossed to the table and picked up a handkerchief, the one found with the box. "Yours, I believe, Mr. Bolton," he said.

A few seconds of silence, then Bolton made a slight gesture of surrender. "I guess it's all up," he answered.

"I guess it is," the detective agreed pleasantly, and thus a notorious bandit was captured with all the quiet courtesy to which his victims were accustomed.

* * * * *

For a while it was considered amusing to visit Professor Coombs and have one's head charted. Phrenology was the new way of fortune telling, clearly more scientific than tea leaves. Professor Coombs's parlors were crowded with patrons. He made a map of one's skull and read character, with prognostications, from its topography. But the Professor was eccentric and became more so. A person of benevolent aspect, he bore a certain resemblance to portraits of the First President, and people remarked on this until the poor man's head was turned and he took to wearing a continental hat and knee breeches, and calling himself "Washington the Second." For years he was a figure in the street scene, standing on corners or promenading Montgomery Street in buff colonial costume, holding aloft a banner inscribed with his title. Everyone called him Uncle Freddie Coombs.

So many quaint gentlemen, who in a modern city would face the indignity of being "run in," passed unmolested in Montgomery Street. Emperor Norton was a favored ward of the town who could dine in any restaurant and imperially ignore the cost, buy theatre tickets in any box office with no more than an imperial nod of thanks, and draw checks on San Francisco banks although he owned not a dollar on earth. By common consent in the banking fraternity his checks were honored and he never drew one for more than twenty-five cents through some canny sense of restraint that preserved the imperial privilege.

During shopping hours one saw him in Kearney or Montgomery Street walking toward some destination which I fancy was never reached, his old army uniform and military cap with its rakish feather worn with an air. A sword hung from his belt and he sometimes carried a short, knotted stick which might have been a scepter. The whole town knew him.

Every now and then one of Emperor Norton's proclamations would appear in the press. They were relative to a number of things and newspapers always printed them. One dated August 12, 1869, dissolved and abolished the Republican and Democratic parties in the interest of peace since it had been imperially remarked that their existence engendered dissensions. Another referred to the Emperor's wardrobe and requested replenishment. His uniform was always shabby, but some especial disintegration inspired the proclamation which read:

Know ye whom it may concern that we, Norton I, Emperor *dei gratii* of the United

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States and Protector of Mexico, have heard serious complaints from our adherents and all, that our imperial wardrobe is a national disgrace, and even His Majesty, the King of ——, has had his sympathy excited so far as to offer us a suit of clothing which we have a delicacy in accepting. Therefore we warn those whose duty it is to attend to these affairs, that their scalps are in danger if our said need is unheeded.

Little was known of the Emperor's past. He had come to California from England in the 'Fifties and for a time was a successful merchant. Business reverses had left him ruined financially but with the pleasant delusion of grandeur which endured until his death in 1880.

After the Civil War the city was filled with visitors. Travellers in America turned to California with its gold and romance which the "late unpleasantness" had left undimmed, and celebrities were thick among them. There was that curious personage, Sir Edward Shelley, who dined with us several times. He was a nephew of the poet, — "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" — Browning's line comes to me as I write this, but Sir Edward would have answered "no." His glorious young uncle left England before our friend's day. Yet he must have heard many intimate reminiscences in the family.

Sir Edward was an adventurous soul to whom civilization was just something to be endured while he was in it, and speedily escaped. As a young man he resigned a commission in the British Army to explore Africa and for a long time lived among the Kaffirs. He could tell of meeting Livingstone, who recorded the encounter in the heart of Africa. Most of his conversation was of wild places of the earth. San Francisco was a way station on his journey to the South Seas. He sailed for Honolulu and that was the last we saw of him; a tall, sun-browned man with English blue eyes set oddly in his dark face.

Somewhere in these years came Sir Richard Burton, then Captain Burton, who was the first European to penetrate the Holy of Holies at Mecca. He had learned the Koran by heart and could quote verses of it in strange sounding words. With the British Consul, Sir George Lane Booker, who was a pillar of society in San Francisco for thirty years or more, he dined at our home and told tales of his adventuring.

Like Sir Edward Shelley he was burned brown by alien suns, but, Burton's eyes were dark and piercing, and, with his sunburn, gave him a deceivingly Oriental appearance which he fostered for disguises assumed in his travels. Once, starting on a railway journey, he had found it expedient to depart as a corpulent Arab. Beneath his robes he tied an air pillow, well inflated, and the effect was gained. Well out of the railway station, disguise was no longer necessary, so when the train entered a tunnel, Burton quietly removed the stopper from the cushion and allowed his corpulence to deflate. When the train emerged into daylight again his collapsed appearance naturally astonished fellow travellers who stared at him in bewilderment and apprehension for the rest of the journey.

Then there was young Lord Richard Grosvenor, so determined to see

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the Wild West that he made the tiresome trip across the plains by stage coach. Delightedly he told of meeting Brigham Young in Salt Lake and "three Mrs. Youngs!" There were twenty-one altogether, he added for climax.

MARK TWAIN I never met, but we heard of him here and there after his return from the Sandwich Islands, and we were in the audience at Maguire's when he made his début as a lecturer and amused us to hilarity with the story of his trip. Mrs. Low, wife of the Governor, was in a box with friends that evening, for everyone of importance was there; and long afterward I read with delight Mark Twain's account of his agreement with the Governor's wife, to look up at her when his quips went slowly, whereupon she would ripple forth her ready laughter to start the house. He tells that once in a slight pause after some bit of pathos his glance wandered idly over the house, taking in Mrs. Low's box, where inadvertently it caught her eye.

I remember Mrs. Low in the box, that evening, and her rippling laughter.

The young man's Hawaiian letters had been appearing in *The Sacramento Union*, which was then read all over the State, and he was taken up by local literary lights, foregathering with Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard in offices of *The Golden Era*, which was then printing Harte's stories and verses. When, after he departed from California, his *Innocents Abroad* letters were published in *The Alta California* of San Francisco, everyone read them, though little anyone guessed they were the first printing of an American masterpiece, destined for immortality as we reckon it.

Some of our English visitors were all unprepared to find the degree of civilization which actually existed in this remote city, and came with sadly deficient wardrobes. The old Duke of Manchester and his son, Viscount Mandeville, hadn't a suit of evening clothes between them but serenely accepted all invitations. With perfect aplomb and extraordinary effect, the Duke appeared at dinners and balls in a suit of brick-red tweeds with blue flannel shirt — his preconceived idea of a correct costume for the Wild West. "I am a traveller," he would blandly explain, "travelling with as little luggage as possible. You will forgive my tweeds."

No doubt he could have borrowed a dress suit for occasions, but he never did and was probably wiser in this than little Lord Milton who likewise hadn't supposed "swallow-tails" were found in California. Lord Milton raided the wardrobe of a stalwart friend and wore a suit six sizes too large for him with trousers in thick rolls at the bottom and his hands pathetically lost in long, flapping sleeves.

THROUGH residence neighborhoods of the old city passed the colorful figure of the Chinese vegetable vendor in blue cotton blouse and trousers, padded slippers and a broad hat like an inverted tray of woven bamboo. Over his shoulder he carried a flexible pole and, slung on either end of it, a huge basket overflowing with fresh greens and glowing fruits

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that bobbed rhythmically to his swinging gait. On Fridays the Chinese fishman followed him on his rounds and stopped at the curb to weigh silver fish in his scales. Chinese peddlers of silks and brocades, carved ivory and jade, carried their wares from house to house packed in cases that were tied in great squares of yellow cotton. It was an adventure to have one brought in with his pack. He would step softly into a room with many little bows and kneel on the floor to untie the knotted cloth; and presently the carpet would be covered with a fascinating confusion of bright silks, ivory fans, lacquer boxes, pale green tea-cups of "Canton Medallion," and carved sandalwood that scented everything.

I missed their visits when Chinatown grew progressive and a Chinese Merchants' Association did away with them. "Eight dolla hop," one would say, holding a piece of brocade at arm's length while he knelt among his wares. "You like him? All light. Fi dolla."

CHINATOWN was endlessly fascinating. As early as the 'Seventies it was said that thirty thousand Chinese were crowded into the quarter which extended northward on Dupont Street from California to Broadway, a district six blocks long and little more than a block wide. It was an enchanting little city where gentlemen in lavender brocade coats and puffed silk trousers were thick among coolies in their blue cotton. Their long queues were braided with strands of cherry silk. Little-foot women with sleek heads and jade bracelets falling over their hands, leaned on their attendant maids in slow progress, the tiny feet shod in gold-embroidered silk; and adorable children, in green and cherry-red embroideries, laughed in the crowd of the lantern-hung street. It was, in short, a scene transported from Peking. Windows of the bazaars were a blaze of color. Sweet-meat vendors were stationed along the curb, and over the gilded balconies of restaurants drifted the shrill music of singing slave girls. Everywhere the scent of sandalwood mingled with that of the fish markets.

OFTEN we went shopping in Dupont Street, for silks, carved teakwood tables and lacquer trays, and the Canton china that found its way into San Francisco dining-rooms. And often we brought home gifts of lichee nuts, jars of ginger, or white lilies growing in jade-green bowls, good-will offerings from the merchants.

These friendly aliens with their love of bright hues, their strange theatrical customs, the Tong wars and "hatchet men" and all the mystery of life living in subterranean levels, like geological strata, brought a flare of rich color to the pageant of the old city.

Violent agitation against the Chinese in the 1870's left many people cold, so to speak, and especially cold were San Francisco housewives. For them the Chinaman solved a domestic problem. He was a marvellous cook through a genius for imitation, and his integrity was refreshing. Much of the responsibility of housekeeping could be safely left to a "Number One" boy. And Chinese servants were eminently good to look

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at in their long white blouses, padded slippers and their heads shaved almost clean, just a patch of hair left to braid into a queue which was wound tightly about the crown.

One became adjusted to their ways. At ten o'clock every evening they set out for the quarter to visit the barber, the joss house, and a gambling game, and were unavailable after that hour. One of our friends had a boy who serenely detached himself from his duties between two and four in the afternoon. The door-bell pealed vainly, and if she went to his room to knock and suggest a little service, the bland answer came gently through the door, "Resting now."

OTHERS of our friends had various tales to tell. The house boy of one was a marvel of silent efficiency, named Sing. One morning in the third year of his service our friend took her place at the breakfast table and all the appointments were as usual. She rang for coffee. A totally strange boy appeared bearing the coffee-pot which he placed in its accustomed position. "Who are you?" the mistress asked in amazement. "Where is Sing?"

The new boy bowed several times. "I am Sing's friend," he explained. "Sing go to China. I stay." Which he did to the family's entire satisfaction for six years.

Sometimes the presence of these reticent, soft-footed, slim Orientals brought a stark flash of alien drama into quiet Occidental homes. In the country house of other friends were a Chinese cook, Chuen, and a house boy, Charlie. Chuen was a middle-aged man with a temper, but he was a perfect cook, so the temper was humored. Charlie was a youth not long from China. Some stupidity or carelessness on Charlie's part may have provoked the crisis. One morning the family was wakened by cries from the back piazza, Charlie's voice wailing over and over in pidgin English, "I want my Mudder, I want my Mudder!" They rushed to the scene. Charlie was crouched on the floor with fending arms, blood pouring over his face from a cut in his head. Chuen stood over him with a hatchet. At sight of the master he dropped it and padded away to his room. Charlie was cared for and a doctor summoned. But not the doctor nor any member of the family could extract from either Charlie or Chuen a word of explanation.

IT DEVELOPED, however, that Chuen had been a hatchet-man in Chinatown. The hatchet-man corresponded to the Occidental gun man and functioned in Tong wars. Chinese in America all belonged to Tongs and the several associations were forever evening scores in long feuds. Each Tong had its hatchet-men and when war was declared they were stationed with their hatchets in obscure doorways or alleys to chop down marked men of rival Tongs. During Tong wars Dupont Street would be roped across and guarded by the police to prevent the entrance into Chinatown of disinterested "foreigners" who might be chopped by indiscriminate hatchets or struck by the bullets of the police.

Chinatown was a really exciting place. It was thrilling even in smallpox epidemics, when the police guarded all entrances and yellow

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plague flags were flying over the quarter. But for all the lack of sanitation and bland disregard for Western ideas of law and order, San Francisco never resented its presence. It was too fascinating in its life and color.

THEN there is little Mr. Chang; no reason to recall him except that he was so engagingly unique, a quaint little Korean gentleman who looked briefly at the Occident from a hotel window and then hurried home. Also he reminds me of the strange career of a San Francisco gentlemen, who became Prime Minister of Korea. It sounds like stage extravaganza, but this quiet, conservative gentleman, Clarence Greathouse, one of the perennial bachelors of the South Park set, actually did find himself Prime Minister of the Hermit Kingdom, living in a palace in Seoul, where he ended his days.

It had come about simply enough. Mr. Greathouse, who read law and wrote editorials for San Francisco newspapers, was appointed American Consul-General in Yokohama, where his knowledge of international law impressed statesmen of the East. At the end of his consular service the King of Korea sent for him to be the royal advisor on certain matters. His counsel, it appears, was invaluable for the King made him Prime Minister for life and Mr. Greathouse never came back to South Park. When, after his death, his mother, who had lived at the palace in Seoul, desired to return to her old home in Kentucky, Mr. Chang was appointed by the King to serve as her honorary escort across the Pacific. He cut off his queue for this ordeal of travel and discarded robes of silk for English tweeds fashioned by a Japanese tailor.

We asked him with Mrs. Greathouse to dine with us. It happened that for a few moments before dinner Mr. Chang was left alone in the living-room. When we descended again from regions above he had vanished. No trace of him. It was disconcerting and alarming. It might even become international if we permanently lost Mr. Chang.

A messenger was sent to the Occidental Hotel in the wild hope that he might find his way back there. They arrived almost together, Mr. Chang and the messenger. Some homing instinct had led him safely through perilous streets in the right direction. It was made clear to him that we desired his return, awaited his presence at dinner, although he spoke no English and the messenger knew no Korean. Mr. Chang, in turn, made it clear that he would remain at the hotel. The incident was closed. He had escorted Mrs. Greathouse to our home, but dining with foreigners was not part of his duty as honorary escort.

A FEW days later Mrs. Greathouse saw him safely off on the steamer for Korea and herself departed for the sequestered quiet of Versailles, Kentucky, which must have seemed drab after all the exotic color and strange ceremony she had known.

She told us many details of the life in Seoul. The little Queen of Korea, assassinated by rioters who broke into the royal palace, had been her friend. Mrs. Greathouse had dined at the palace a few evenings before

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the tragedy. The Queen was a gentle, pretty creature, she said, highly intelligent; and her dreadful death plunged the King into deep grief. He had found refuge from the mob in the Russian Legation, believing her safe. It had been an uprising of a party favoring Japanese influence in Korea above that of Russia, favored by the rulers. Mrs. Greathouse told how assassins pursued the little Queen, who ran before them from room to room of the long, low palace until in the last refuge they overtook her and killed her with swords.

Camels

By Virginia Stait

Pad-pad and pad-pad — it's a voyaging sound,
We hear it where camels most often come;
When the ships leave shore, in the smoke of pipes,
When the hours are wild with a mid-night drum!

Where the sands reach near, though not one grain
Has our flesh reveled in, the pilgrim way;
Where the aloe and arum lilies grow,
From the self-same root, the ivory, gray.

Pad-pad and pad-pad, there is stillness and sound,
The sun for the sky, the sky for the earth;
A passion of color, unfinished as time,
In this camel-land of surfeit and dearth.

There are debts we owe to a lotus dream —
The uncounted camels in Asian zone,
Are out-numbered by thousands in alien realms —
We remember where, yet . . . we have not known.

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Through Inferno

By Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods

The wife of the American Ambassador describes her experiences in the Japanese earthquake

The ends of diplomacy are best served when diplomacy is forced to the background. Ordinarily the life of a diplomat is a stilted one of artificial etiquette, which has little personal appeal. But let some unusual event break this down, and mark the difference. A tragedy is sometimes necessary to establish a real brotherhood.

To illustrate my point, I would recall the greatest earthquake disaster the world has ever known, and its results. It was in Japan, and at that time my husband was the American Ambassador.

We lived in a big, old-fashioned, rambling, white frame building, which stood in a garden, ages old. The house was that of the American Embassy in Tokyo. The surrounding garden, with its old stone lanterns and dwarfed and twisted pine trees, had once belonged to an ancient temple, and all the brooding calm of the Orient was there. Today, there is nothing to recall the comfortable old house or the beauty of the temple garden.

The Embassy seemed very peaceful on the morning of September 1, 1923. There was nothing to give warning of coming disaster. A few minutes before noon, I light-heartedly hurried down the wide stairway to overtake a secretary, in order to have him post an important letter, before he would be away on his week-end holiday. I was half way down when a lurch of the stairs startled me. I grabbed the banister. Then a lovely blue lamp below riveted my attention. It began to spin. Faster and faster it went, until it came to the edge of the table where its mad dance ended as it crashed on the floor in a thousand pieces. I was very sorry, for the lamp had just arrived, but I did not realize then how soon its loss would be infinitesimal.

I do not know how I came there, but I soon found myself in my husband's private office. It was empty. The walls were cracking, the plaster falling. The house, and everything in it, was jumping and whirling. Thoroughly alarmed now, I rushed to the main door. My husband and the Military Attaché were together and both frantically calling to me. I answered: "My mother! She is upstairs." The words were not finished before the Attaché was on the stair-

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way, returning in an instant with my mother on his arm. He had lived in the Orient many years. He knew the danger, as we did not. He told us a most terrible earthquake was upon us. He said, "A damn bad one, the worst I ever felt"; and that was only the beginning.

At last every one was safely outside. By that time, the earth was heaving and pitching like a stormy sea, so that we had to grip the hands of each other and brace ourselves to keep from being thrown to the ground. It was a sickening sensation. A chimney in the servants' quarters toppled and fell amid a cloud of dust. Soon all the air was filled with a grinding, rending sound as building after building fell in every direction. The dust which arose from their crashing down covered the sky with a heavy black pall, as though to conceal the dead, and hide the agony of the living imprisoned in the débris. It seemed as though the end of the world had come.

WE STUMBLED back into the garden. Its brooding calm was gone, but even so, it was the safest place.

One wing of the Embassy held the servants' quarters: this meant not only the servants employed by us, but their entire families as well, according to the custom of Japan. Our servants and our self-appointed adherents poured out into the garden, and many people from outside came in. We were astounded at the size of our household after all the servants' relatives were gathered together. They seemed to come up out of the earth like mushrooms. As I walked among them, there were dozens I had never seen. Who is this? "That is Suzuki's wife." And this one? "Hyashi's mother." Who this tiny mite? "Chin's baby." And alas! for human frailty, I had known Chin only as a pretty but foolish virgin. Even in this wild confusion, they did not forget their manners, for a low bow accompanied each introduction, and even baby's back was bent in a low kowtow.

In some way these efficient servants managed to set out a luncheon in the garden, although knives and forks refused to stay on the table and dishes spilled over in a most disconcerting way. It was true, the great shock had spent itself, but many others of much violence followed rapidly. Of course, we could not eat, but constantly kept rushing to our big iron entrance gates, the only place for a peep at the outside world. Tall shrubbery and high walls surrounded the compound, and ordinarily these gave a comfortable feeling of seclusion and protection, but now they were in the way. Terrible things were happening outside, and we must see.

BY DEGREES servants began to separate themselves into families, and to huddle around certain trees, especially the bamboos. Instinctively we followed their example. Later we learned that nearly every Japanese home has at least one clump of bamboos somewhere in their grounds. Their long and tangled roots bind the earth together, and make a veritable oasis in a time of earthquakes.

During an interval of the earth's

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convulsions, my husband and I rushed into the house. A scene of desolation had taken the place of our once well ordered home. Furniture was overturned and buried under piles of dirt and mortar, partitions had fallen, and water was running through the halls from the broken mains. A chair, on which my husband had been sitting when the first awful shock came, was crushed by a heavy beam and gave an uncomfortable feeling of what might have been.

REALIZATION came now that we had no house in which to live, and the garden must be our temporary home. Then we took chances, and made several hurried trips to the house to collect a few necessary articles of daily life. At first the servants did not want to go in, but when my husband and I took the lead, they followed. We had chairs brought out and blankets and pillows, and arrangements made to pass the night under the protecting arms of the old trees.

After a while we saw a tiny flame piercing the unnatural dusk. There was another and another, until there were seven of them in seven different directions. With horror, we knew fire had broken out. And all those poor souls pinned under the fallen timbers! A blessing, if the groaning earth had rocked them into oblivion!

But now the wind began to rise, and soon its mighty roar was added to the groaning of the earth. The flames began to leap high in the distance, and to grow in volume as the violence of the wind whipped them into wilder fury.

People were cooking their midday meal, and the small stoves overturned, with the first awful shock, and hundreds of little houses became a mighty blaze. The water mains broke with this same shock, and there was no way to fight the monstrous conflagration.

Many of the attachés of the Embassy were away on vacation but a few had remained in Tokyo, and these rushed in from time to time to report fresh disasters. Now, one came in to tell us the fire had driven hundreds of people into the canal, which cut through the centre of the city. The raging flames kept driving them from both sides, until they met at the canal. But the flames met here, too, and one after the other these people were forced to stumble into the waters which engulfed them. They could not turn. There was the fire, and more crowds pressing on them, and soon the whole canal was dammed with the bodies of these unfortunates.

ONCE more we went to our entrance gates. The fire was still far away and blowing horizontally across our vision, but even as we talked, the wind veered and we felt its fury on us, and at the same time a great wall of flames leaped toward us. Darkness covered us and showers of sparks began to fall. It seemed to take but an instant for the blaze to leap barrier after barrier. There were seven miles of fire bearing down on us — seven miles of leaping, darting flames devouring men, women and children in great gulps as it came. Its deafening roar grew closer. Soon we felt its torrid breath, and a sickening smell of burning flesh came to our nostrils.

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Now the fire was surrounding us — was all but on us. We knew that we must go at once if we were not to be caught like rats in a trap. We threw blankets over us to protect our inflammable clothing. The house boys were clapping the rain of sparks from their hair. The time had come for us to join the refugees — to become one with them. But where could we go?

WE HAD lately arrived in Japan, and had been in Tokyo only two weeks. At best it was a difficult city for the foreigner to find his way about, but now with earthquake, fire, and suffering humanity squeezed together in its narrow crooked streets, Dante's idea of Hell became a Paradise from comparison. My mother was nearly eighty years old. She never uttered a murmur. That was the situation we faced, when heaven seemed to shed one ray of light upon us. That ray was in the shape of a language officer from the Dutch Legation. This kind man appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and offered to guide us to his little home on the outskirts of Tokyo, near the rice fields. We had never seen nor heard of him before, but thankfully we put our trust in him. My husband took my mother, and I stumbled after them, through the small gate at the end of the garden — our only exit now, for the flames were licking around the walls, and the big iron entrance gates. We knew that soon the Embassy building, our only home in a strange land, would go. We dared not look back.

In an instant we were on the street, packed in with a dense mass of moving humanity. These people, their possessions burnt, their families scattered, maybe dead, were they stunned by the calamity which had overtaken them that they remained so calm? There was no pushing, no shoving, no complaining. They were tenderly helping each other in the darkness, lit by the hissing flames. From them, the coolie boy of the streets, from the poor and middle-class people of Japan, an American Ambassador and his family learned a lesson in fortitude.

After about a mile, and the worst danger passed, we would rest by the wayside. My mother was completely exhausted. We had searched and searched for a 'rikisha, but none was to be found, nor could one have moved through that inferno through which we had just come. A group of poor refugees motioned that they would share their straw mats with us, so that we might rest — with us, the foreigners, whose names they did not even know. They only knew we were sufferers like themselves.

AT LAST the crowd thinned out a little, and we spied a 'rikisha pulled up against a building, but there was no runner for it. We learned that the building was a hospital, but they could give us no help. All they could do was to allow us to have the vehicle, if we could find some one to pull it and return it. Finally we discovered a man who was willing to do this. We placed my mother in it and started once more. We arrived at a place where the 'rikisha could go no further. My husband handed the man some money. He shook his head. My husband, thinking he had not given enough, although it was many times in excess of the usual amount, offered more. The man more

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vigorously shook his head and picked up the 'rikisha to go away. A crowd collected and we wondered what would happen next. Then a friendly voice interpreted: "The runner does not want a cent for pulling the ancient lady. It has been his pleasure to do this for her because she is old and helpless." It was with difficulty my husband persuaded him to take some money as a present, but not a cent would he touch for pulling my mother. Such is the veneration of the Japanese for old age.

We gropingly moved on a little further. We strained our eyes through the darkness, and then a great feeling of relief filled our souls, for the rice fields were in sight at last. We were saved.

THE next morning my husband and I came back to what had been our home. Every house in the compound was razed to the ground, only the tall brick chimneys standing, looking like giant scarecrows in the early morning light. The ground was smouldering and smoking. There was no garden, only black and twisted stumps, raising their tortured limbs to heaven. We stood there, stunned and helpless for a moment, and then realization began to dawn upon us, as the groans of living mangled human beings reached our ears, and the pitiful sight of smouldering bodies took form before our eyes. Horror gripped us, and a vision of great suffering swept before us. There were dead and dying in every place. Where would they be cared for in all this wilderness of flame-swept city? Subconsciously we recognized the spectres of thirst and famine stalking about. Where would food and water be found in all this smoking desolation? Did it mean annihilation? For we soon grasped the fact that we were absolutely cut off from the outside world. We did not need the sight of tangled wires to tell us that.

THEN came the thought that a Japanese cruiser lay in the harbor. Off rushed my husband to Admiral Takarabe, Minister of Marine. He found him sitting at an improvised table in the street with the ruins of his office back of him. The earth had taken its death toll even in the Admiral's own household, but still he sat there undaunted, looking after the affairs of his country. My husband said to him, "I have come to try to help you. Cables and wires are destroyed. One of your cruisers lies in the harbor. Get in touch with her, and have her send three messages for me by wireless. One shall be to our American President, one to the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and one to the Commander of our Asiatic Fleet. Tell them one of the greatest disasters the world has ever known has visited Japan, and immediate help will avert even greater misfortune. Ask that supplies of food and clothing be rushed to a stricken people." Quickly and thankfully the Admiral responded, and the messages were promptly relayed.

There were 300,000 dead, more than a million homeless, in gutted Tokyo alone. Yokohama had been wiped out of existance, and all the surrounding country devastated.

My husband's next step was to open headquarters in the Imperial Hotel, practically the only large

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building left standing. The Embassy Staff rallied to him, coming great distances on foot, over a pathless region, heedless of masses of débris and the great fissures in the earth, even swimming rivers to report for duty.

Acts of heroism were legion. One in particular I shall relate before I finish. The United States Government had attached to the Embassy a number of young army and navy men, who were learning the Japanese language. One of these, a young ensign of our Navy, was walking along the Bund in front of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, when the first crash came. The building collapsed almost immediately, and burst into flames. Seven times this brave boy went into the burning building, each time to bring out a living, helpless human being, and each time he went in the chances were one hundred to one that he would not come out alive. The last time he went in he found a woman pinned under two fallen timbers around which the flames were already licking. One timber was across her breast, another held her leg. He succeeded in dislodging the one from her breast, but the one across her leg held fast. He called for help, but no one dared to enter that burning hell. The woman implored him piteously, "Young man, in heaven's name, do not leave me here to be burned alive." He answered, "Don't you fear, lady. I may have to leave your leg, but I will not leave you." At that moment the earth gave another heave, and the timber loosened. Our ensign, with the woman in his arms, pierced the flames to safety. When my husband introduced me to this young man, telling me the above story, the boy flushed to the roots of his hair, as he stammered: "Mrs. Woods, I fear the Ambassador exaggerates. I only did my duty."

The efficient work of our Embassy and the quick response of the American people is a matter of history. To our country and to our ships was the glory of bringing first aid to Japan in her hour of need, and close were the bonds between us during that terrible disaster. And they were not the bonds of conventional diplomacy but of humanity.

Before our ships came in, we had gone to live in the compound of a Japanese friend. It was located on the outskirts of Tokyo in a portion of the city, which had escaped the flames. We were domiciled in a primitive Japanese farmhouse of such antiquity that its age was greater than the discovery of America. The entire front of the house was made up of *shoji*, the heavy paper sliding screens, which in the simpler structures of Japan take the place of windows and doors. These were kept open day and night, in order that we could run outside for safety, because of the violent after-shocks, which were continuing. We slept on *futons*, a kind of heavy quilt thrown on the floor at night, and rolled up in the daytime. These are the beds of Japan. We retired with the darkness, for all lighting fixtures had been destroyed, and candles were so scarce that we thought it wise to conserve the few we had in case of greater need.

This period was one of intense suspense. The food supply of the great city had all been burned, except a very small amount to be found

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in the outlying districts, and this was nearly exhausted. The unaffected part of Japan could not penetrate the earthquake area because of the débris. Railroad tracks had been snapped like wires, and pointed their long steel rods, like accusing fingers, to the sky. Bridges were sunk in the rivers and roads obliterated.

It was not long until our chief man-servant came to me to report there was only a bowlful of rice left, and a large household to be fed. I was filled with compassion but I could not tell him of my alarm, or that we did not even know whether the messages, sent through the cruiser, had reached their destinations. It took all the courage that was in me, but I managed to say: "American ships will soon be here, and then there will be plenty, but it may take time, and you must divide that bowlful of rice to make it last a few days longer." He accepted my statement, but despair was in his almond-shaped eyes.

A miracle happened that night. According to our custom, soon after dark, we had thrown ourselves down on the *futons* to rest. We lay there in the darkness, pretending to each other that we slept. All at once we were startled by a loud knocking and sharp staccato calls at our entrance gate. The clamor grew greater. Then we saw the shadowy form of one of our servants making his way through the trees to the gateway. In a moment, there were twinkling lights on the pathway and a strange gnomelike procession wound its way in our direction. Some of the characters of this elfin train carried beautiful paper lanterns hung on forked sticks, which were slung across their shoulders. Others bent under the weight of heavy sacks. They were all in the dress of coolie-boys, except their leader who was in immaculate European clothes. Steadily they advanced towards us. We arose from our *futons*. Now there was much kow-towing. Then the leader stepped forth, and held up for our inspection two fine fat ducks. Their iridescent plumage sparkled in the light of the lanterns. The sacks were opened — potatoes, cabbages and other homely vegetables rolled out. Another sack contained loaves of bread. The spokesman said to my husband: "Your Excellency, I am from the Imperial Palace. I come from their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, who send you this food in sympathy for the trouble which has come upon you in their Empire." Then there was more bowing as they backed away and departed as they had come, leaving us rejoicing over these priceless treasures.

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Brookhart, Insurgent

Combination of a county seat lawyer, rural pedagogue, parlor Radical and Granger political philosopher

By Louis H. Cook

Insurgents are nothing new in Washington. They come and go. Their best ideas are stolen and become orthodox. Most of them wake up some morning to find themselves Conservatives, and the folks back home either heave a sigh of relief, or proceed to elect other Radicals, depending somewhat upon existing economic conditions.

So when Smith Wildman Brookhart, United States Senator, arrived from Iowa back in 1922, the elder statesmen received him with a quizzical air and started out to teach him the rules and the unwritten laws of what was once termed the greatest deliberative body in the history of mankind.

Both in Washington and in Iowa it was assumed that Senator Brookhart, although elected as a crusader, would settle down in his seat, damn Wall Street and the railroads just often enough to keep himself solid with the home folks out on the prairies, and make his peace with the regulars in his party.

There seemed no particular reason why he should not. He had safely arrived at a dignity to which many aspire, but few are chosen. The United States Senate is one of the most select and exclusive of clubs; membership is so desirable that the expenditure of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars to get there is commonplace. Political leaders regard election to the Senate as a culminating reward for years of service in party ranks. Brookhart, to be sure, had walloped the stuffing out of the Old Guard, but they were willing to make peace and receive him with open arms. It never pays to quarrel with the chap who controls the patronage, anyway.

There was only one thing wrong with this reasoning; it overlooked the personal equation. The gentleman from Iowa does not fit into any of the regular classifications in the United States Senate. He is neither regularly Republican, Democratic, nor Insurgent. Quite a few of the brethren are insurgent when they are elected and regular in between times.

Few men in public life get more headlines than this Senator from Iowa, but little appears in print which casts much light upon his real personality and character. Big business, the Wets, the regular Republi-

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can leadership, and other numerous and influential classes of citizenship he has managed to offend or irritate, refer to him in impolite conversation as "that —— —— —— ——" and let it go at that. His publicity centres upon what he says or does and not on what he is. This is unfair, for the Colonel has had an interesting life, and is worth knowing. His former colleague, Albert B. Cummins, whom he finally defeated, once referred to him as an "economic illiterate"; but be this as it may, he is a first-class fighting man and nobody to monkey with in a political Donnybrook, unless you have a well knobbed shillalah handy. In Iowa, where the Colonel is not entirely popular with a great many people, the attitude of his foes may be given in the words of a Republican dignitary who averred, in a conference held to decide what should be done to retire Brookhart to private life, that "nobody ever comes off first best in a scrap with a polecat."

HERE is a man still well on the sunny side of sixty who has been elected not once but three times to the United States Senate without either the support of his own party leaders or substantial financial backing. He went through bitter primary campaigns in 1920, 1922, 1924 and 1926, and was the winner in all save the first. He had nasty general election scraps in 1922, 1924 and 1926, when party lines in Iowa were eliminated. In all of these contests, both money and political machines were used vainly to defeat him. In 1924, the scrap was so close that the Senate finally seated his Democratic opponent, Daniel F. Steck; but the Colonel blithely went back to Iowa, and using as his slogan, "They kicked me out of the Senate because I told the truth," defeated the veteran Cummins by an overwhelming majority.

The person who knows the most about any man's character and disposition is usually his wife. Next to that, his campaign manager ought to be able to offer competent testimony. I ran four of the Senator's campaigns, and was mixed up more or less in the rest of them. I have fought, bled and gone broke in his behalf. I have cursed him; oh, how I have cursed him! I do not recall that after any of these campaigns he ever expressed any especial gratitude. I have committed several political murders in his interests. I have shaded the edges of election laws, swiped a few votes, and engaged in fist fights with his enemies. I have never asked him an important political favor, nor received a single penny from him. On certain of his economic questions, I believe him to be crazier than a whole tree full of hoot owls. I doubt whether he has any particular constructive ability. And yet I, in common with a great many other persons in Iowa, will probably vote for him when he runs again.

SENATOR Brookhart is not representative of public thought in Iowa; he never has been. That isn't why he is elected and reëlected. He wins because the people believe he is sincere and because he voices a lot of protests which touch a sympathetic spot in the hearts of Mr. Common Citizen. Brookhart is unquestionably a demagogue, in the old and original Greek sense of the word. He is a leader of the people, voicing the

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views of the masses of citizenship as against the views of the men who represent the oligarchies of business and partisan politics. Leaders of this type are seldom popular with the so-called vested interests, but they do get a lot of votes.

Personally, I regard the Colonel as an excellent antidote for dangerous Radicalism. He is like a counter-irritant which stimulates the body politic into throwing off its proud flesh.

NOTHING much is written about his personal side, for the reason that he has never been mixed up in a scandal, has no bad habits, and never acquired wealth, either legitimately or otherwise. Picture a square jawed, square shouldered, clear eyed gentleman with Rooseveltian teeth and grin, with the bull neck and general build of a good middleweight wrestler, and you have his general physical make-up. Put a kindly twinkle in his eye, dress him up in a black and shapeless sack suit of the type that country lawyers often wear, fit his feet into a pair of blunt toed black brogans, and the picture becomes more complete. Give him a pleasant schoolmaster's voice and a mentality which is a combination of that of a county seat lawyer, rural pedagogue, parlor Radical and Granger political philosopher, and you have some idea of what the Smoots and the Reeds, the Watsons and the Curtises, have to deal with these days in the United States Senate.

Brookhart really fits into the political picture of a generation or two ago better than he does into the existing ensemble. His economics are more like those of James B. Weaver and the Greenbackers and Populists than of any existing school of insurgent politics. He was born in a log cabin in Scotland county in northern Missouri. He comes of pre-Revolutionary stock, and his father was a somewhat restless farmer of the type that carved commonwealths out of wildernesses in the years after the Civil War. Brookhart worked on the farm as a boy, garnered a fair education by the sweat of his brow, working his way through elementary and normal schools, taught school a few years, studied law in a county seat law office, and dabbled in local politics.

NOBODY who knows anything about him questions his patriotism or devotion to his country. He served in the Iowa National Guard for a score of years. He is one of the authorities of the United States on military rifle shooting. He served in the Spanish-American War, and in the World War, as a Lieutenant-Colonel; he was designated as chief instructor at Camp Benning, where the Government prepared officers for the important task of teaching the United States Army how to shoot with rifles. He served several years as president of the United States Rifle Association, spends most of his vacations on the rifle range at Camp Perry, Ohio, where the annual contests between the various service rifle teams are held, and probably is the best man behind the sights of a rifle barrel who has held a seat in Congress since Davy Crockett's time.

I have always felt that his views on liquor are based, in part, at least, upon his opinion that alcohol is

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detrimental to marksmanship. He has never taken a drink in his life, and bars even tea and coffee. He can explain just exactly how many inches off the bullseye you are likely to get at 500 yards, if you shoot with a week-old highball under your belt.

BROOKHART first gained prominence in Iowa political life as an expert in railroad statistics back in the years when rate regulation was a burning issue in the Granger States. He knew more about railway rate schedules than the boys who wrote the books. He probably knows as much today about railroad capitalization as anybody in Congress, although there is an inclination, on the part of railroad representatives, to charge that he knows a lot of things that aren't so. His home folks in Washington County, Iowa, licked him when he wanted to become county attorney, and have voted against him rather consistently ever since. His section of Iowa produced James B. Weaver, Populist and Greenback candidate for the Presidency, and probably Brookhart got his early slant on economics from this source.

His first major campaign was in 1920, when he was selected by James M. Pierce, then publisher of *The Iowa Homestead*, as his candidate against Albert B. Cummins for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Iowa. Cummins beat him, but it was a close call. The campaign took place just before the post-war bubble burst in Iowa, and had it been a few months later, Brookhart would probably have won. His issue was the repeal of the Transportation Law of 1920, under which the railroads were returned to private ownership after the war, and which was sponsored, in the Senate, by Albert B. Cummins.

In 1922, Brookhart was again a candidate, this time to succeed W. S. Kenyon, who had been taken from the Senate and appointed to the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. It was averred in Washington that one of the objects of this appointment was to remove one of the insurgent thorns in the flesh of Coolidge, but if this was true, the strategy failed. This was a six-sided fight, the Iowa Old Guard packing the primary in order to split the vote. Brookhart got 42 per cent, the Iowa law requiring the contestant in a primary to receive 35 per cent of the vote. He was seated, but was again compelled to become a candidate for reëlection in 1924, this time for a full six years' term. He won, hands down, in the primary, but had a terrible scrap in the fall, when he was sympathetic to the candidacy of Robert M. LaFollette for the Presidency, demanded that Charles G. Dawes get off the ticket as candidate for Vice-President, and generally raised Ned.

THERE are all kinds of Republicans in Iowa, and a candidate is perfectly safe as long as he can be classified as any one of them. Up to this time, Brookhart had been at least nominally a Republican. He had tweaked the elephant's tail, dropped cigarette stubs into his ears, and wielded a wicked goad. When, however, he sought to straddle the G.O.P. elephant and the new Progressive hybrid, he took a bad fall. He had been a Bull Mooser in 1912, but most of the Republican leaders in Iowa that

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year were in the same boat. In 1924, he was playing a lone hand, and although Coolidge carried the State by some hundreds of thousands, Brookhart scaled through by a few hundred, which the Senate took away from him in the recount which followed. "Jim" Watson was chairman of the Senate Elections Committee, and he frankly admitted that the regulars, both Republican and Democratic, saw a good chance to use Brookhart as a horrible example of discipline, and did. The ousting cost Cummins his seat in 1926, when Brookhart ran again, mainly because a great majority of the citizens of Iowa thought that Brookhart had been counted out.

THE Republican leaders in Iowa have used every possible political weapon against Brookhart, and are now assembling their munitions of war for another drive against him in 1932. The nails for his coffin are forged, and the hammers are ready for the driving. His foes hope that the political corpse which they will bury in June of 1932 will be that of the smiling rifleman, but the pall bearers have not yet been named. It may be that somebody else will have to be buried.

Brookhart never had but one political speech. He wrote it back in 1920, revised it in 1922, and has stuck to it ever since. It is what he calls an attack upon "the non-partisan league of Wall Street." He charges the Federal Reserve Bank with deflating the farmers, and believes railroad rates ought to be based upon the value of the stocks and bonds of systems. He believes business should be limited to earnings of not to exceed six per cent, this figure being considered by him as liberal; and he wants all commerce to be conducted as a coöperative venture, on a profit sharing basis. His economic gospel is based upon the British coöperative system, and he believes that the Government should help to set up a gigantic coöperative bank to provide capital for coöperative business.

After his first election, he went to Russia to see what Lenin and Trotsky were doing. He came back home and made the statement that Russia then had the most stable government in Europe. This, of course, was speedily converted to a declaration that he had said that Soviet Russia had the best government in Europe, and it made him a peck of trouble.

He gets into every scrap that he can find. He is like the Irishman who inquired whenever he located a fight whether it was a private scrap, or one in which anybody could get in; except that Brookhart never asks any questions. He just hits somebody.

HIS recent notoriety because he spilled the fact that, at a party given a group of Senators, the hosts provided nicely filled flasks of something rating more than one-half of one per cent, for all who wanted them, was not a new outbreak. More than a dozen years ago, Brookhart came down all spraddled out on a batch of officers of the Iowa National Guard, because they had held a reunion of "The Order of the Carabao," which included Spanish-American War veterans and which was, to say the least, damp around the edges.

He stumped the Middle West for Hoover in 1928, but has been fighting him ever since. I was in Wisconsin,

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in the Hoover headquarters, when Brookhart hit the State, and George Vits, National Committeeman, asked me to hunt him up and ask him to soft pedal on the liquor issue when he spoke in Milwaukee for Hoover.

I drifted up to Fond du Lac and met Brookhart. I suggested that Milwaukee was not one hundred per cent for the Volstead Act, and much to my surprise he consented to lay off Al Smith's well-known dampness at the Milwaukee meeting. I heaved a sigh of relief, but kept my fingers crossed.

The Milwaukee meeting was the wind-up of the campaign, and Brookhart was the big gun. As an Insurgent and a former supporter of LaFollette, he was the best bet Hoover had in Wisconsin. He said at least three sentences before he mentioned the liquor issue and then he cut loose:

"This boisterous booze booster from brewery backing Broadway comes to Milwaukee —." I doubt whether he made many votes at that meeting, but it was typical of the man.

HE IS not an orator, yet he holds public attention well. He opens his speeches in a conversational tone and talks sometimes for three or four hours without losing a listener. He lectures his hearers for all the world like a college professor talking to his classes. His audiences listen because it soon becomes evident that here is a man who believes his own stuff.

As a campaigner he is ideal in one respect, at least. You never have to worry about his being caught in a raid, or sued for breach of promise. I have known him intimately for more than a dozen years and I have never found out anything which could be used in any way to disparage either his morals or his integrity. His idea of treating a political supporter is to take him up to his room and offer him a big red apple. He can make a dozen meetings in a day, six days a week, and wind up as keen eyed and clear skinned as a child. He never believes anybody is going to vote against him, and never worries about results. He is a good loser, for in 1924 when things broke against him, I called him over the telephone to give him the latest forecast of bad news, and he merely chuckled and said to announce his candidacy in the next primary in case he was licked in that election.

HE HAS an overwhelming idea of his own infallibility, and doesn't believe he can possibly be wrong about anything. I remember one campaign in which we had kept him in Washington and had managed to win out after a wicked fight. The Colonel came home and met me. "Well, Louis," he said, "how much lead did we have?" "About 35,000," I answered. "Is that all? Gosh, if I had been here we would have had 100,000."

Brookhart will be up for reëlection in Iowa again in 1932. He won't spend a dime for his campaign, he has no organization, many of his former strong supporters are either opposed to him or are no longer active, he has practically no newspaper support, and his "issues" are both bizarre and abstruse. That noise you hear in Iowa is not the wind rustling in the corn. It is the boys who are supposed to run things politically

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whetting their snickersnees upon their boot soles.

Brookhart will tell you that the farmers and the laborers and the people on the streets are for him. He will refurbish his attack upon the nonpartisan league of Wall Street, demand a fairer distribution of the profits of business, and tell the people of Iowa that they are suffering from a series of economic ills which can only be cured by the adoption of his plan of universal coöperation, as originated by the weavers of Rochdale. People like to be told that they are ill, even if they pour the medicine down the sink. If Iowans really had to take what Senator Brookhart prescribes for them, it might be different. As it is, if he does not succumb to the influences of propinquity at Washington and become regular, there is no very good reason to believe that his tactics will be any the less effective in the future than in the past.

Brookhart really believes in the particular brand of buncombe he peddles; or if he doesn't, he makes people believe that he does. This being true, the common or garden voter doesn't seem to care so much about what he actually does stand for.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

BETWEEN a very bad three or four days toward the end of a recent Atlantic crossing and the impact of New York, an assortment of bright ideas the Landscaper collected in Europe for the adornment of this department seems to have vanished utterly. The strongest impression of the trip has nothing bright about it; perhaps so much has been said on the subject in the public prints and in interviews given out by returning visitors that anything additional is superfluous, but the irony of the situation is too great to pass by without any comment at all. One refers, of course, to the war for which Italy and France are making feverish preparations, and which is not at all likely to be averted. That such a thing should go on with the full knowledge of all Europe, in the face of all the talk of peace, and in the face of the present depressed state of virtually every nation under Heaven, seems well-nigh incredible. And yet the facts are very plain. The Italians are perfectly willing to admit that the blow will be struck as soon as Mussolini feels that he is ready, and observant Englishmen are wondering for which of the two nations their blood will be shed, when they are none too fond of either, and when their own difficulties call for more intelligence and energy than appear to be in the Empire's possession at the moment.

There are few ceremonies in the present-day world more impressive than those of the Armistice Day celebration in London. This year the day itself was perfect. There were bursts of wind enough to set the flags fluttering at the cenotaph, but even the wind seemed to die when the guns boomed for the two minutes of silence. The day before the Landscaper had sat talking long after luncheon, so long indeed that the lounge of the old club was deserted, and of what was he talking? Of the chances that before another five years had passed, perhaps before another two years had passed, since the general opinion is that Italy and France will be at war in 1932, England would have reason in time to build another cenotaph, and to celebrate another Armistice Day. Two minutes can seem a long time; long enough at any rate for one deeply-moved American, in all the thousands of English men and women who packed Whitehall from curb

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to curb, to wonder if it were really possible that Europe would see another war, as terrible as the last, perhaps even more so; to wonder at the stupendous folly of a race that boasts loudly of its civilization, humanity and Christianity. . . .

Hard Times for Authors

Of course the Landscaper has no business discussing anything except literature on these expeditions, but literature has been so cheerless a subject for the past few months that there has been a grave necessity for bringing up other and more pleasant topics, such, for example, as war. This is another way of saying that the book business in general is almost as bad in England as it has been in the United States, with one exception; England is used now to hard times and not greatly upset when they become a bit harder. There are fewer ups and downs among the English, anyway, which is partly attributable to their temperament; publishing in London has gone through no such period of inflation in recent years as marked its course in this country prior to the collapse. It might be added that France felt the pinch during the spring, and is beginning to feel it again — one speaks in terms of literature, or rather of bookselling — and it is well enough known that Germany's intense depression has made life much harder for people who write for a living. In other words, one of the least cheering things to do at the present time is to go abroad for a visit to publishers, booksellers and authors; indeed, sea voyages are no good just now as cures for a general dissatisfaction with the state of the universe unless they are made without any landings whatever and even on shipboard Stock Exchange reports are posted every day. . . .

Anyway, They Go On

But, like most other activities of the race, writing, publishing, and to some extent, at least, bookselling, continue no matter how dull the times in general. The Landscaper had the pleasure of watching Sir James Jeans's new book, *The Mysterious Universe*, published here by Macmillan, move out of the bookstores in London with a speed that would have done credit to a novel of the most popular variety; some 17,000 copies were sold in the first week after the Cambridge University Press had launched the volume. For this book, which is sensational in its conclusions, Sir James expanded the Rede Lecture given at Cambridge; it embodies the theories of a pure mathematician as to the true nature of the universe. As all the pundits assure us of its importance, perhaps it will help even the dullest dogs among us to get our minds off the apple vendors on our New York street corners. Perhaps neither we nor they will seem of any consequence after we have explored the dim recesses of space, although it is hard to escape that curious paradox of the complete unimportance of the individual to the universe, and the complete importance of the individual to himself.

From Universe to Hotel

By the time this is in print, another of the most discussed books of the season in England will

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be available, altogether another pair of gloves from *The Mysterious Universe*, to be sure. This is Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*, which has probably outsold any novel published in England this autumn, and which with the additional success of the play in New York, is certain to be a best-seller here, also. It won the highest praise from the most serious of the English critics, who hailed it as a masterpiece, which strikes this observer as going a bit far. But it is a highly readable novel, which most people will like. It will appear here with the Doubleday, Doran imprint. Most of the other fiction of the moment in London has already been published here, and much of it already commented upon in this department. The stir caused by Somerset Maugham's brilliantly caustic *Cakes and Ale* had not subsided when the Landscaper set sail for France; one hears that Hugh Walpole, most savagely attacked in the Maugham novel is to do a reply called *Gin and Bitters*. Mr. Maugham spends a good deal of his time denying that he meant to do portraits — or caricatures — of Hardy and Walpole, but it is hardly possible to take his denials seriously. Louis Bromfield's *Twenty Four Hours* and Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Philippa* are two American novels very well reviewed and widely read during the current season. A Scotchwoman announced to the Landscaper — announced is the only suitable word — that Miss Sedgwick was head and shoulders above any woman novelist writing English today. Whether one agrees with this opinion or not, *Philippa* is certainly one of the best of the author's books, and a beautifully finished story, subtly done, and with the finest appreciation of the shadings in human relationships. Mrs. Grace Zaring Stone's *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, by all odds one of the best of 1930's novels, is also well liked in England, although for some odd reason the title was shortened to *The Bitter Tea*.

Canine Baby-Talk

A BOOK by a gentleman for whom the Landscaper has a profound respect which almost made this gentle spirit froth at the mouth was Rudyard Kipling's *Thy Servant a Dog*, naturally enough one of the season's largest sellers. It will probably be available here by the time these words reach type. Mr. Kipling has written his doggish dialogue in the most incredible jargon imaginable; canine baby-talk for which there appears to be no excuse. After reading a few pages, the only way the Landscaper resisted the temptation to go out and kick a bobby was to try to keep firmly in mind that Mr. Kipling also wrote *Kim*. Of other English books that have been well liked recently are two other novels that are available in American editions, A. P. Herbert's *The Water Gypsies* and Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace*. The Herbert opus would be the choice of your scout, but perhaps he is slightly prejudiced against Mr. Bennett because of the gentleman's articles in the London tabloid, *The Evening Standard*, which are usually very bad.

Our Gangsters Are Popular

ONE of the most striking features of the European literary landscape is the extreme popularity

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of books about gangsters. Our old friend Al Capone is probably the best known American citizen of the times, and the shots that were fired in the hotel room of Mr. Legs Diamond were heard round the world. It is easy to see why a nation like England turns to us for such literature; the day the Landscaper arrived in London a gentleman who fired one badly aimed shot at a policeman was given thirty years at hard labor after a trial lasting a few hours.

The most entertaining book to be found in Paris just now is Maurice Bedel's *Phillipine*, which is a satire on Fascism. M. Bedel wrote *Jerome or the Latitude of Love* and *Count Molinoff*, both highly diverting, but it seems to the Landscaper he has surpassed himself in the new novel. *Phillipine* is the seventeen-year-old daughter of a French department store owner, who, having bought a journal of opinion, sets out to observe Mussolini at work and to compare the enlightened state of affairs in Italy with the corruption and inefficiency existing in France.

The Landscaper's shelf devoted to American fiction seems rather embarrassingly bare just now, containing as it does only one novel of importance. This is Janet Ayer Fairbanks's *The Lion's Den* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is a novel of life in Washington, filled with shrewd and accurate observation. It tells the story of a young Congressman's rise to power; of his love affair with the wife of a senator, and of all the machinations and intrigues that go on in the social and political circles of our capital. This is emphatically one of the best of recent novels of American politics. Mrs. Fairbanks wrote *The Smiths*, the story of a Chicago family; she is the sister of Mrs. Margaret Ayer Barnes, whose first novel, *Years of Grace*, was one of the outstanding successes of 1930.

Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, offers *Alexander* (Brewer and Warren, $2.50) as his second novel, a story of the life of Alexander the Great and the influence upon him of his friendship for one Clitus. This is a fair-to-middling historical novel, but hardly likely to set an indifferent fiction market afire.

Current Non-Fiction

FORTUNATELY, there is considerably more variety among current books of non-fiction. For readers who find Sir James's volume interesting, and who are eager to find out more about the earth they live on, or the universe they live in, there are several recent works of real value. Professor Harlow Shapley's *Flights from Chaos* (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, $2.50), is one of these; it is not much longer than Sir James's book, and along somewhat the same general lines. *Man and the Stars* by Harlan T. Stetson (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, $2.50), tells the story of adventures in astronomy from the very earliest times to the present, and discusses such often-asked questions as whether or not there is life on other planets; whether life has a cosmic significance; and whether science has replaced religion. Professor Stetson's answer to this last question is a decided negative, but neither he nor any others of his learned brethren seem to be able to devise a scientific religion that will serve the purposes of the masses nearly so well as the older creeds.

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More limited in scope, but easier to grasp, and much nearer home in subject matter is Kirtley F. Mather's *Sons of the Earth* (Norton, $3.50) a retelling of the story of the rise of civilization, this time by a distinguished geologist. There are more than one hundred illustrations, and the writing is good, clear and simple. The book "vulgarizes" knowledge without any sacrifice of scholarship; it is one of the best things of its kind available at present.

Of books on current topics, Will Durant gives us *The Case for India* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), which was written after a brief stay in a country that must be very difficult to understand at best; it does not strike the Landscaper as having any great value, and the edge has gone off sensational reports of the situation. Dr. Durant found things very bad indeed in India and terribly in need of betterment. He puts all the blame on British rule.

America and the Machine

THE most important of recent books on current matters is *The American Leviathan* by Charles A. Beard and William Beard (Macmillan, $5), subtitled *The Republic in the Machine Age*, and a study of contemporary America by one of our most distinguished historians and his son, the latter a technologist. The blurb writer is of the opinion that this volume will take its place alongside de Tocqueville and Bryce; and this does not seem unreasonable praise. Certainly there are no more interesting nor important questions in this hemisphere than the influence of the tremendous growth of machinery on our government and our civilization, a growth that could not have been foreseen by the Eighteenth Century in which our form of government came into being. This is a book that no intelligent American should overlook.

Another volume that falls into this classification is *This Thing Called Broadcasting* by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, and Austin C. Lescarboura, former managing editor of *Scientific America* (Holt, $3.50), which tells the remarkable and fascinating tale of radio in the United States. In no time at all radio has grown from nothing to one of the greatest industries in the country, and there are many secrets that are revealed in the Goldsmith-Lescarboura work for the first time. There are a number of illustrations, and the volume should prove a help to the thousands of Americans who hope to find their way in front of a microphone; it will certainly furnish a great deal of information to the hundreds of thousands of fans who listen in regularly.

If Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Lescarboura have given the world the whole story of radio, Dr. Isaac Goldberg has performed a similar service for song-writing in this country under the title of *Tin-Pan Alley: A Chronicle of the Popular Music Racket* (John Day). There are many photographs and facsimiles for illustrations, and an excellent introduction by George Gershwin. Tin-Pan Alley is no more than forty years old; it is a place where fortune after fortune has been lost and won, and it has been full of good stories ever since it came into being. Dr. Goldberg

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has overlooked very few of these; he has written the story of one phase of American culture which the historians before the advent of Mark Sullivan would never have thought of touching. The book is entertaining and informative, besides being intelligently written.

Something about Marriage

ANOTHER excellent discussion of one of the burning topics of the times, more serious than either broadcasting or popular songs, is *Twenty Four Views of Marriage* (Macmillan, $2.50), which is a really good symposium. It is the result of a survey made by the Presbyterian Church, to which men of the most widely varying opinions were asked to contribute. Perhaps its most striking feature is that even the most radical lean very noticeably toward monogamy, and are of the opinion that marriage as we know it, with all its imperfections, is a valuable institution, and one we can not as yet, at any rate, do without. Bertrand Russell might not find much comfort in this book, with his contention that there is much to be said for polygamy and polyandry — or rather, for promiscuity — but it is quite interesting to note that the religious and scientific thinkers are really remarkably close together in their opinions.

And then there is T. Swann Harding's *Fads, Frauds and Physicians* — many readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will recall Mr. Harding's diverting and thought-provoking attacks on certain evils in the current practice of medicine. His book is published by Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press and costs $3.50. It takes up dozens of phases of the business of "doctoring," and often handles physicians without gloves. Mr. Harding is a layman who appears to know a great deal about the medical racket; at least his findings jibe rather uncannily with experiences which the rest of us have had at first-hand, and he never seems to make charges without being well able to substantiate them. He is of the opinion that state medicine is coming and that it will arrive very speedily if doctors do not mend their ways. The Landscaper is not altogether convinced that the remedy is not worse than the disease; state medicine, like state anything else, sounds ideal, but in practice it might not do much more than give us new evils for the ones we have. The trouble with the practice of medicine is very simple — the doctors and their patients are human beings. It is true that many of the doctors put on sacerdotal whiskers and pretend they belong to a superior race, but this you will never believe again after reading *Fads, Frauds and Physicians*.

Books on Peace

TO RETURN for a moment to the subject discussed at the beginning of this article, two new books are available that have a bearing upon the future of war. One is Devere Allen's *The Fight for Peace* (Macmillan, $5), a history of peace movements since 1815, with full documentation — how many wars have we had since the peace movement began? — which concludes with a survey of all the agencies that are at work at the present time, and a summary of the encouraging and discouraging

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features of the situation. Mr. Allen attempts to answer the arguments of the people who do not believe that war can be stopped by the application of human intelligence to the problem. The other volume is *Ten Years of World Coöperation*, with a foreword by Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General to the League of Nations. This is published by the League of Nations at Geneva, and gives a complete history of a decade of effort toward peace, and toward constructive effort on the part of the League members in many fields. Perhaps there is room for pessimism even after one has taken all the League's achievements into account, but at least something has been done and in this world we should learn early to be grateful for very small favors.

Some New Biographies

A FEW biographies are about, and no doubt the coming months will see as many life stories of the great published as ever, although it is a fact that the field has been pretty thoroughly combed during the craze of the past two or three years. There is, for lovers of art, *The Life and Art of Dwight William Tryon* by Henry C. White (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), a lavishly illustrated volume, with reproductions of no less than forty-seven paintings by the subject of the study.

There is a fine study of H. G. Wells by Geoffrey West (Norton, $3), with an introduction by Wells himself. Mr. West, whose real name is Wells, too, but not related to Herbert George, has written intelligently and interestingly about a vivid, vital person.

A Puritan in Russia

W. P. CRESSON has discovered another of those lost chapters in American history and given it an excellent presentation in *Francis Dana: A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $5). In the very earliest days of this republic, Dana was sent to the court of Great Catherine to win her friendship; he was the son of plain living and high thinking New England parents, and no greater contrast could have existed than that between his early years and the time he spent at the court of an Oriental monarch.

A new aspect of James Abbott MacNeill Whistler's personality is revealed in Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Whistler the Friend* (Lippincott, $3), an informal sketch of Whistler's association with Fantin-Latour and Legros which is based largely on a collection of letters which Whistler wrote to Fantin. It is Mrs. Pennell's belief that quite enough has been made of Whistler the Enemy, and she has attempted to portray him as a gallant and likable gentleman. One need hardly add that she has been successful; the unpretentious volume is delightfully written, and should appeal to all those who have any real admiration for a great artist. There are many well-chosen illustrations.

A thorough-going and well documented biography is Thomas Walsh's *Isabella of Spain* (McBride, $5), which is a history of the times as well, with much discussion of the Inquisition, and of the expulsion of the Moors for which La Católica was responsible.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

A Misstatement

By Walter Ferguson

In the December 1930 issue of The North American Review, included in an article by John T. Flynn under the caption *Dwindling Dynasties* appears the following statement:

> Almost at the same time Tom Slick, that audacious oil wildcatter, dropped suddenly out of life, without a child, leaving $75,000,000 to his aged mother.

I feel certain that a magazine with the reputation of The North American Review would not be responsible for the circulation of such an erroneous statement if the facts were available. It is very distressing to Mr. Slick's friends down here in Oklahoma, portraying Mr. Slick in a doubtful light, and, in a measure, distressing to the family he left behind. When Mr. Slick died he left a family composed of a very capable wife who is administering the estate, and three most splendid children. The oldest of these children, Tom, Jr., is developing his father's business capacity, assuming responsibility in advance of his years, and is a capable, outstanding young boy.

While Mr. Slick was essentially a pioneer in oil development, I think the term — "audacious oil wildcatter" — puts him in a rather unfavorable light, in view of the millions of barrels of oil he raised to the surface of the earth and the great fortunes that were made in the wake of his operations. Down here his memory is respected as that of a worthy pioneer in a great industry, without whose tremendous energy and far-flung activities vast amounts of mineral wealth would remain in the ground undiscovered. I believe, Mr. Editor, that you will see it in this light after the facts have been presented to you and you will make some suitable reparation for what I am convinced is an entirely unintentional misstatement.

A Boom

By Eduard de Trzaska

It is such articles as *Prosperity Through Home Building* by John Pell which more than anything else justify a magazine. Congratulations on being the first to suggest a concrete idea for the remedying of our economic depression. If railroad and automobile building gave this country her two most prosperous periods, why can't home building on a corresponding scale give her a third as soon as possible?

Repeal That Law

By Harry E. Hauf

I might be termed a fanatic for referring to the subject of Prohibition, but an item in your magazine turned my attention to that subject. This article decried the immunity of newspapers from criticism and their attitude of side-stepping the important question of the day. Yet the country needs a medium to express in a true light the results of the era of Prohibition. And time alone is solving that problem of Prohibition. The prosperity claimed for its duration was but an after effect of the condition of the world. At the beginning of the period our leading competitors were disabled and were forced to us for supplies, because we were sitting on top of the world. Then a law was passed which changed the situation. Our wealth slipped from us. Now we are a people isolated, not by waters but by a wall of law.

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